

5 AUGUST 1964 2s.6d.

tatler

& BYSTANDER



forward
looks





Now all you need is a thirst!

Take home Long Life canned beer—quick to cool, easy to serve, always refreshing—the only beer brewed specially for the can.

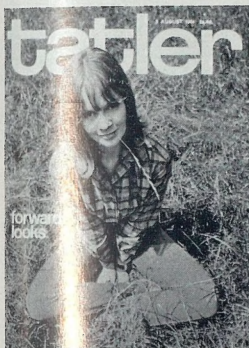


tatler

AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3284

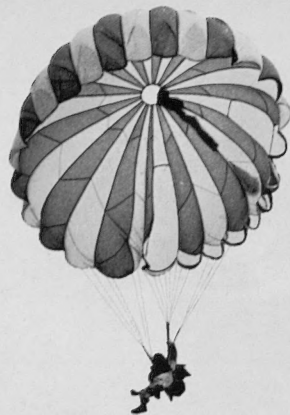
EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	238	In Britain
	240	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	241	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	243	The Cowes-Dinard Race
	244	Muriel Bowen's column
	246	Wedding of Viscount Cranley and Miss Robin Lindsay Bullard
	248	The Oxfam Ball at Bray
	250	Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	251	The Paragirls: <i>words and pictures by Tony Evans</i>
	255	A funny thing happened to Stella Gibbons
	256	Set fair for Cowes: <i>by J. Roger Baker, photographs by Morris Newcombe</i>
GOOD LOOKS	263	Scoop for handbags: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
FASHION	264	The needlework lesson: <i>by Unity Barnes, photographs by Michael Cooper</i>
VERDICTS	272	On plays: <i>by John Salt</i>
	273	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	274	On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
	275	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	275	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
DINING IN	275	A question of salt: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
MOTORING	276	For adults only: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
ROSE GROWING	277	Two birds with one rose: <i>by G. S. Fletcher</i>
WEDDINGS	280	



Late summer girl looks forward to autumn in a leafy gold and grey checked Vivella shirt by London Pride, £3 19s. 6d. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Joseph Johnson, Leicester; Beatties, Wolverhampton. Sitting pretty in curry stretch pants by Daks, 13 gns. at Simpson. Peter Rand took the picture. From girls on the ground to girls in the air: Tony Evans introduces the Paragirls in words and pictures (page 251 onwards). Unity Barnes has the fashion section (page 264 onwards) all sewn up for clothes with the hand-made look. J. Roger Baker spent a week on the Isle of Wight and found a sophisticated social life grafted on to a quiet, distinctive community. His anatomy of Cowes, with pictures by Morris Newcombe, starts on page 256

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: Present Laughter: Paul Jennings, J. Roger Baker, Angela Ince and Anthony Crickmay discourse on what makes us laugh today.



GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Cowes Week, to 9 August.
Grouse shooting starts, 12 August.

Yateley Horse Show, Mont-eagle Farm, Yateley, nr. Camberley, 15 August. (Details, Mr. R. Hicks, Yateley 3365.)

Edinburgh Festival, 16 August —5 September. (Details, Edinburgh Festival Society, rox 1432.)

Edinburgh Highland Games, 15 August.

Skye Highland Games, Portree, 20 August.

Irish Hunt Balls in Dublin: Shelbourne Hotel, Kildare tonight, Tipperary 6, Galway Blazers 7 August. Gresham Hotel, Meath 8, Louth 9 August.

Ascot Jumping Show, 12-15 August.

Frinton L.T.C. Gala Dance, 16 August.

Lavant Horse Show, Hants, 22, 23 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Brighton, Bath, Yarmouth, Pontefract, today and 6; Newmarket, Windsor, Redcar, 7, 8; Leicester, Chepstow, 8; Folkestone, 10; Alexandra Park, 11; Nottingham, 10, 11; Salisbury, Haydock Park, Catterick Bridge, 12, 13 August.
Steeplechasing: Haldon (Devon & Exeter Meeting), today & 6; Newton Abbot, 12, 13; Market Rasen, 13 August.

CRICKET

R.N. v. Army, Lord's, 9, 10 August. **Fifth Test Match**, England v. Australia, the Oval, 13-18 August.

GOLF

Pringle Professional Tournament, Carnoustie, 18-21 August.

SAILING & REGATTAS

Menai Straits Fortnight, to 15 August; **West Highland Week**, Oban, to 8 August; **Serpentine Open Sprint Regatta**, Hyde Park, 6-8 August; **R.O.R.C. races**, Cowes/St. Malo, 6 August; Isle of Wight/Santander I.O.W., 8 August; Fastnet, 10 August. **"Daily Express" Offshore Power Boat Race**, Bournemouth/Torquay, 15 August; **Torbay Fortnight**, 15-29 August.

POLO

Tidworth tournament, 6-11 August.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 19 September.

Holland Park Open Air Concert: Royal Philharmonic, 9 August.

Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, Swansea, to 8 August.

Victoria & Albert Museum. Philomusica, cond. Jones, 7.30 p.m., 9 August.

City of London Band Concerts, on the steps of St. Paul's, 12-2 p.m. Scots Guards, 6; R.A. (Woolwich), 13; R.A.F. Central Band (20); Irish Guards, 27 August.

Orchestre Nationale de la Radio-Diffusion Française, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 23 August.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

Hittite Art, Royal Academy, to 6 September.

William Blake, Tate Gallery, to 6 September.

London Group Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 16 August.

Painters of the Gallery, recent works, Roland, Browse & Delbanco, to 12 August.

Britain in watercolours, F.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., to 29 August.

EXHIBITIONS

"The Growth of London." Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 August.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 27 September.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, exhibition and market, Painswick, 1-22 August.

Guild of Lakeland Craftsmen, Ambleside, to 11 August.

"Shopping in Britain." Design Centre, Haymarket, to 29 August.

"The Adam Style in Furniture." Kenwood House, Hampstead, to 30 September.

FIRST NIGHTS

New Arts. Mr. Whatnot, 6 August.

Drury Lane. Camelot, 19 August.

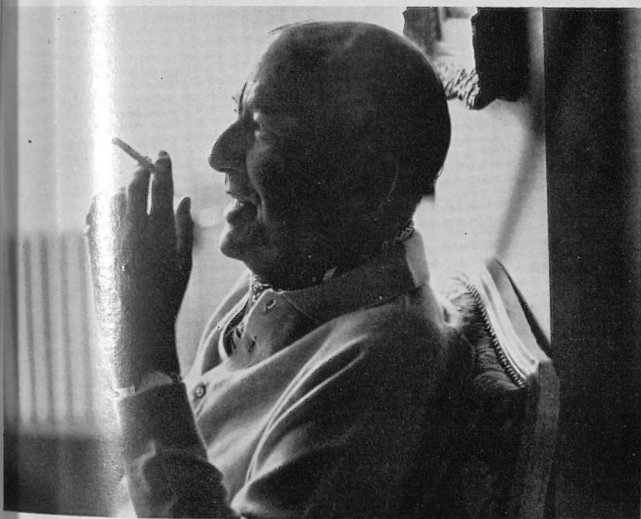
Aldwych. *The Murder of Marat*, 20 August.

This is an active year for Andrew Vicari, 32-year-old Welsh-born artist. He is now preparing for his second one-man exhibition this summer, which is being organized by Lady Phoebe Macdonald for Cowes Week. The show will have a definite nautical tang with a portrait of Uffa Fox and an important series of seascapes as well as many views of Cowes and the Isle of Wight. Vicari is the originator of the romantic realism style, which is particularly refreshing, after the recent plethora of pop art, for its honest individuality and subtle use of colour. Following his success at the Bath Festival in June, Andrew Vicari donated almost half of his proceeds to charity, and in the best artistic tradition will be doing so again at Cowes



BRIGGS by Graham

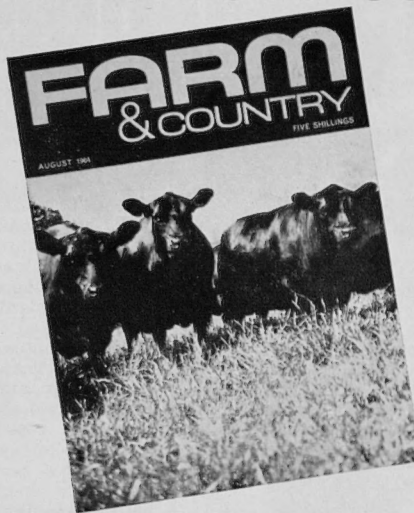




A COWARD FOURSOME

The dusty month of August is being refreshed by Granada's enterprise in bringing to the TV screen four Noël Coward plays. The titles and their production dates are *Present Laughter* (10th), *Blithe Spirit* (17th), *The Vortex* (24th) and *Design For Living* (31st). The author, seen above at his chalet home near Montreux, Switzerland, will himself introduce each play. *Top*: Danvers Walker as Morris Dixon, Ruth Porcher as Miss Erikson and Pete Wyngarde as Garry Essendine in *Present Laughter*. Centre: Jill Bennett and Daniel Massey (Mr. Coward's godson) in *Design For Living*. All the plays are produced by Joan Kemp-Welch.

IN THE AUGUST ISSUE SIX BIG FEATURES NEW FARM & COUNTRY NOW ON SALE



- ★ **THE ROYAL SHOW**: 15 pages of pictures and comment on the machinery, buildings, demonstrations and livestock classes at Stoneleigh.
- ★ **FORESTRY TODAY**: Forestry Exhibition demonstrations.
- ★ **U.S.A. LIVESTOCK AUCTIONS**: a pictorial study.
- ★ **THE SMALL FARM CAN COMPETE**: an expert analysis.
- ★ **SEED PRODUCTION**: on John Rowsell's Hampshire farm
- ★ **OTHER PEOPLE'S FARMS**: and many other authoritative reports of vital interest to the modern, progressive farmer. 5/- from your newsagent.

Be sure you take advantage of the

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

order form in the August issue—or write for details to:
Subscription Department, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street,
London, W.C.2

FARM & COUNTRY

**FOR
THE FARMER
WHO MEANS
BUSINESS**

PUBLISHED BY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED
A member of The Thomson Organisation Limited



NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON THE WATER

... not even during time-of-the-month!

If you want to, why not swim, water-ski, skin-dive, snorkel? Tampax internal sanitary protection leaves you marvellously free to enjoy all water sports. Ask your friends.

They'll tell you that Tampax is totally invisible under a bathing suit, with no outline to give you away. The surgical cotton of which it is made is so absorbent, you're protected against embarrassment. And because Tampax is worn internally, it can't get soggy from the water. It can't chafe or irritate either. The applicator ensures correct and hygienic insertion. In fact, once gentle Tampax is in place, you don't even feel it.

This summer, why not let Tampax help you feel cool, clean, fresh—and free. Buy Tampax in Regular or Super absorbency in standard 10's, or the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.

TAMPAX Limited,
Havant, Hants.

John Baker White / Maintaining a reputation

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.
W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

The Magic Carpet Inn, 124 King's Road, Chelsea; close to Sloane Avenue junction. W.B. (KEN 6296.) Open Sundays. Licence to 1 a.m., midnight on Sundays. Some restaurant owners are content to make a success of their establishments and then rest hopefully on their laurels in a highly competitive world. Not so Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Brampton. They made a success of The Magic Carpet 18 years ago, and have kept it that way, not only by making attractive additions to their famous collection of nudes and installing a piece of musical machinery unique in London, but by maintaining their cooking and cellar at the highest of standards. Their 25s. dinner is some of the best value to be found in London. But there is more to it than that. They are there themselves every evening (I fancy they get to bed somewhere after 3 a.m.) giving their personal attention to casual and old customers alike. It would be a sad man who did not respond to their cheerfulness. The musical machine, played by a skilful young man, has to be heard to be believed, and adds gaiety to the evening.

Goring Hotel Restaurant, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. W.B. (VIC 8211). 12.30-2.30 p.m. and 6.30-9.30 p.m. This hotel, with its comfortable public rooms looking out on to a small garden, maintains the atmosphere

and standards of the "family" hotel of the 1920's. The dining room is elegant and dignified, and the waiters immaculate. If you order in advance the standard of the *haute cuisine* is high. If you choose from the menu of the day you will eat well and economically. My egg pepperade was admirable, the steak and kidney pie good. I finished with that hard-to-find delight—cold bread and butter pudding really well made. The bill for this luncheon was 15s. 6d. There is a good wine list, with wines in carafe, also beer in a jug if you want it. It is only a step from Victoria Station.

Pipistrello, Swallow Street, Piccadilly. Here they are offering what seems like a good bet for young people—a three-course dinner with wine, entertainment and dancing to 3 a.m. for an inclusive 40s. per head.

Wine note

An estate-bottled wine for 10s. 3d. per bottle? Sounds almost too good to be true, but that is the price of an Austrian 1959 Furstenthaler Riesling, a Morandell wine shipped by V. L. Wine Importers and sold, among other people, by Kettlers of Old Compton Street. The Morandell family has been in the wine business for a long, long time, and this is a typical Austrian wine of real charm. Liking full-bodied medium wines, I was greatly taken with their 1959 Steiner Hund, Rhein-

riesling, a winner of gold medals, at 13s. 3d., also estate bottled. The Austrian red wines are not so well known in Britain as they should be, and to anyone trying them for the first time I commend the light 1959 Kalter-Auslese, full of bouquet, at 12s. 9d. The 1959 St. Virgil at 13s. is the one for those who prefer a fuller red wine. The Morandell wines can be identified by the gold edge on the labels.

. . . and a reminder

Jules Bar, 35 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (WHI 4700.) *Perhaps the best sausages and mashed potatoes in London, plus a good cold table in pleasant surroundings, for reasonable prices.*

Knightsbridge 844, Opposite Harrods.

Street-level room now refurbished and open for all sizes and shapes of meals.

Pinocchio, 30 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 4045.) *Good Italian cooking in pleasant surroundings, and dancing on a small floor to 3 a.m.*

The Maestro, Lower Belgrave Square, S.W.1. *Maintains its reputation in the new premises. Good cooking at reasonable prices, and a cheerful staff.*

Chanterelle, 110 Old Brompton Road. (FRE 5512.) *Scandinavian decor, with French cooking. It is especially popular with young couples.*



Left: Dr. S. L. Simpson (right) chairman of Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd., receives La Coupe d'Or du Bon Goût Français from Dr. Roger Pinoteau, Vice-Président du Conseil Municipal de Paris, supported by Mr. André Lahillonne. The award is made to encourage "the betterment of international standards in fashion and gracious living." Above: Mrs. S. L. Simpson, Lady Barnby and Lady George Scott at the reception

GOING PLACES

The enjoyment of lakes versus oceans is a question of temperament: the introspective, romantic melancholia induced by still waters, in contrast to the rougher, more robust and extrovert appeal of the sea. If one is to judge by the eastern lakes of Saimaa, the biggest inland water system in Europe, the lakes of Finland are beautiful within the idiom of solitude. Their shores advance and recede in a lovely monotony of flat, thick pine woods. The waters are the colour of clear Guinness, and when their strange, bronze light is touched by reflections from the sky they look like no other waters I have ever seen. The staging points between Lapeenranta and the first "terminal" of Savonlinna (a ten-hour journey) are no more than wooden piers. Disembarking passengers walk away through the woods to no apparent destination; it is quite hard to believe that there are roads for them to walk along, or houses to walk to. The only other sign of life will be a *cortège* of barges, dragging behind them some twenty times their own length of loosely-bound logs, *en route* for the canal and the Baltic ports.

The means of passenger transport—a cosy two-decker steamer, circa 1890—is one of the charms of the trip. On the upper deck are some tiny, plush-upholstered cabins complete with basin and jug. You can hire them by the day but I spent the night in mine, moored alongside the main street of Savonlinna, for the same price. The waitresses and attendants are a most motherly breed, attentive to one's comforts, and they willingly served me dinner at eight p.m., in spite of the fact that the dining hour hereabouts is six.

Savonlinna is a charming small town. Here, as elsewhere, the visitor is surprised to see timbered houses of the last century side by side with factory chimneys and apartment blocks, unexpected in this apparent wilderness.

The Orientalism of Finland has often been remarked upon. A few Orthodox churches, legacies of the Russian association, are the immediate prompt but not the whole clue. Savonlinna, for example, is built on

a series of islands, linked to one another by wooden, hump-backed bridges. These, together with the formal-looking spruce trees and enclosed waters, look strangely Japanese. Could two more different peoples exist than the long-limbed Finnish girls who stride the bridges in their denims, and the Japanese who shuffle and teeter in one's imagination? My unspoken thoughts, as I watched the waters drift by, moved my Finnish guide (a rather mystic young man) to embark at that moment on a conversation about Zen Buddhism.

A half-hour journey by road from Savonlinna is one of Finland's most famous resort hotels, the Finlandia at Punkaharju. The hotel is a gabled, yellow-washed manor house of the 19th century; peaceful, primitive and quite un-Ritz (no private baths, for one thing). People go there for the Sauna: theirs is a particularly celebrated one, set on the shores of the lake. I must say that the treatment is nothing like so drastic as it is often made to sound; but the slow, dry bake, followed by a plunge into the lake, is just as therapeutic as they say. Here there is little else to do but row across the lake to one of its many islets, walk through the woods, watch the sun set through the reeds and the wild duck winging low over the waters. Solitude is as near total as makes no difference.



ABROAD

new motel (the Silver Sand), with a swimming pool, on the north coast of the peninsula. It is built and operated on American lines in country remarkably like that of wilder Connecticut.

The point of a summer holiday in Finland is weather which, at its best—as I found it in June—is hot, blue and dry. Those wonderfully long days that never quite end; uncluttered roads to drive along; the life of sailing and picnicking; the pleasurable independence of a private hut or house—these are the things I would go back for. Staying in, and making sorties from, Helsinki itself, there are steamer trips each Saturday afternoon which decant you on an island as remote as you like, and pick you up at sundown. They could create a fatal craving for something quite special, something unrepeatable—in my experience—anywhere else in Europe.

Finnair will shortly operate the new Super-Caravelle on their flights from London, via Gothenburg, to Helsinki. Flying time will be about three hours; the fare £62.19.0.

Helpful information and details from the Finnish Tourist Office (the airline offices are in the same building), at Finland House, 56 Haymarket.

Lakeside life in the unspoiled Punkaharju region of Finland: wild duck, reeds, swimming, Sauna and sunsets



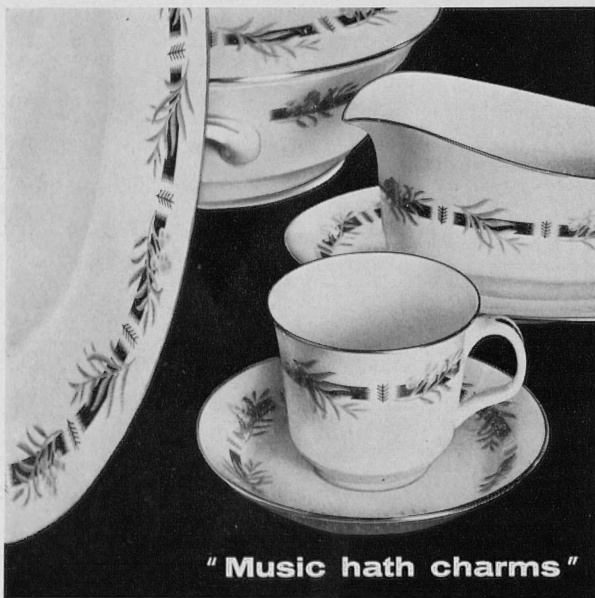
BADEN | BADEN

You may not break the bank in Europe's most opulent, most glamorous Casino where you can gamble with chips of solid gold, but you will return from a holiday in Baden-Baden feeling and looking on top of the world, for Baden-Baden is dedicated to pampering her guests.

Hotels study your comfort with infinite care. There are night clubs where you will dance till dawn . . . orchestras offering the therapy of magnificent music. Listen to a symphony played among perfume-heavy flowers on a golden August afternoon . . . enjoy your favourite sports—tennis, swimming, riding, golf—in surroundings seldom equalled anywhere.

Whatever spells enchantment for you—legend-encrusted castles or gala fashion displays—you are certain to visit the potent thermal springs celebrated since Roman times for their healing, health-giving properties. Soon, you'll find it hard to remember frenzied city life . . . in this spa framed by legions of pines, your joie-de-vivre has been reborn.

For full information please apply to:
GERMAN TOURIST INFORMATION BUREAU
 61 Conduit Street, London, W.1. Tel. REG 2600 or:
KURDIREKTION, BADEN-BADEN



By appointment to Her Majesty The Queen
 China Manufacturers Minton Limited.

MINTON
 ENGLISH BONE CHINA
The world's most beautiful china

The trace of rhythm, the suggestion of melody, the control of the master composer are combined in this RHAPSODY—one of the gracious patterns decorating the elegant new Minton shape—MONARCH.

TEA SETS (21 pieces) from £11.16.8 ■ DINNER SETS (25 pieces) from £31.15.2

Write for list of stockists and catalogue 4/2P
 MINTONS LIMITED, CHINA WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



The hostess with the mostest serves the dishiest dish—sea-fresh!

Even if you caught the shrimps yourself, they couldn't possibly taste fresher than Young's Potted Shrimps! Even if you were the hostess with the mostest, even if you could command the services of a cordon bleu chef you couldn't offer your guests a more delectable savoury . . .

Young's shrimps are netted in the cold waters of English estuaries, boiled at once, shelled and cooked in butter, packed tight with butter into cartons, sealed in and quick-

As served in the best restaurants

frozen. And there they are. Fresh as fresh, and absolutely delicious.

Use them on toast as a savoury at your parties (dinner or cocktail). For Shrimp sauce. With brown bread and butter for tea. Young's Potted Shrimps are as fresh in your frozen-food shop as they were in the sea. (So are Young's Prawns, Scampi and Crab-meat). For a new free Summer Recipe Leaflet write to: Dept. IT11, Young's Potted Shrimps Ltd., 9 Lower Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

Young's



FAIR WIND TO FRANCE

Heeling to a fresh breeze in one of the most popular fixtures of the deep sea yachting season is Mr. D. A. Elliott's *Tamarisk of Parkstone*, one of the entries in the Cowes-Dinard race organized jointly by the Royal Ocean Racing Club and the Yacht Club de Dinard. It was the thirty-second race in the series and a fleet of no fewer than 129 yachts—of which nearly 50 were French—set off on the 180-mile run in ideal weather. Final winner on handicap was the famous *Myth of Malham*. More pictures of the race and of the cocktail party on its eve, by Van Hallan, will be found overleaf



PASSAGE IN A DREAMBOAT

BY MURIEL BOWEN

Thinking and talking turn to ships and the sea this time of year. I've just discovered that I am not the only one to book a passage in a ship not yet in existence. About 200 other people have also put their names down for the maiden

voyage to New York of the much-talked-about successor to the *Queen Mary*. It should take place about the beginning of 1968.

When SIR JOHN BROCKLEBANK, chairman of the Cunard Line, and SIR BASIL SMALLPEICE, a director, had a reception at the Dorchester, talk naturally got round to the new ship. Most of the guests were people who had, at some time or other, had the thrill of sailing into New York on one of the *Queens*. LORD & LADY KINDERSLEY were there, also Mr. & Mrs. W. W. HILL-WOOD, ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL & LADY DENNY; SIR EDWARD & LADY PLAYFAIR; Mr. & Mrs. E. W. SENIOR; Mr. & Mrs. GUY BRACEWELL SMITH; and SIR DENNING & LADY PEARSON.

Shipyards have yet to tender for the new ship. She isn't even a number yet. Several things about her, though, are already certain. She will be gay and bright with superb schemes of interior decoration. She will also be a more intimate ship. Rooms like the three-

decks high first-class dining room in the *Queen Mary* are right out.

MISSISSIPPI AT BRAY

Monkey Island at midnight... coloured lights and ultra-violet rays picked up the artistes singing and strolling on the Mississippi river "boat." The moon was perched high above a weeping willow. Over 300 guests gathered on the other side of the river, and it was so warm that many of them sat on the grass.

It was certainly the most successful and probably the biggest ball there has ever been to aid Oxfam (see pictures on pages 248-9). Men in white dinner-jackets tried to win a pig at a sideshow. Mr. CHRISTOPHER CHATAWAY, M.P., & Mrs. CHATAWAY bought tombola tickets—and drew blanks. "I think everybody who spends a pound should be guaranteed a prize," said Mr. GORDON BRUNTON, a member of the ball committee, already thinking out next year's ball.

Research scientist. Mr. MAURICE

FRENCH NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

On the evening before the Cowes-Dinard race, sailed by British and French yachtsmen, a cocktail party was given at the Island Sailing Club, Cowes, by the French Naval Attaché, Vice-Admiral Jean Witrand

- 1 Mr. S. H. R. Clarke, who raced his *Quiver III*
- 2 Mr. Frank Owens, skipper of Lloyd's Yacht Club's entry *Lutine*
- 3 Yacht designer Mr. Kim Holman, with Mr. Bob Garnham and Mr. Alan Paul, R.O.R.C. secretary
- 4 *Clarion*, an RAF entry sailed by D. J. Boyer, and *Fair Judgement III*, entered and sailed by P. F. Carter-Ruck and Viscount Caldecote
- 5 Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, Heir Apparent to the Swedish throne, coming ashore
- 6 Miss Joan McKee at the party
- 7 Mrs. John O. Coote, whose husband sailed Sir Max Aitken's *Drumbeat* in the race



5



6



7

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

HAYES, who is Maidenhead's Mayor, and Mrs. HAYES, having done the rounds, shed their regalia and danced. A mayoral chain—Mr. Hayes said his weighed a stone—is a distinct handicap if you're young and want to dance the twist.

Compliments buzzed like mosquitoes round Lt.-Col. ROYAL EASTWOOD, the hall chairman. A buffet supper, steaming up river in a gambling boat, a dawn barbecue... it was one of those nights when sleep was clearly unimportant.

ASCOT'S WEATHERCOCK SPINS

Racing at Ascot and the silence of shocked disbelief when the mighty Santa Claus was beaten by the French outsider Nasram II in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. It started off a day for straw hats. The Swedish Ambassador, M. GUNNAR HÄGGLÖF, wore one. So did CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD. LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE wore a battered old Panama and the EARL OF SNOWDON a brand new American-style

straw in a darker shade to the others.

Two hours later, a cloudburst, and the umbrellas came out. Prettiest one was black on top with a white lining strewn with red roses. Underneath it was LADY SASSOON. Racegoers wondered where her top-notch filly *The Creditor* was. Her owner told me that it has gone to stud.

HONEYMOON ISLE

It looks like the dream honeymoon come true for VISCOUNT CRANLEY and his bride, formerly Miss ROBIN LINDSAY BULLARD. They have been lent a Greek island, a private one in the Gulf of Euboea not far from Athens, by its owners, old family friends M. & Mme. SOPHOCLES PAPANICOLAOU. Other friends, M. & Mme. MARIS, have lent them their yacht to explore islands in the Gulf.

LADY ABERCONWAY, the bride's mother, told me that her son-in-law could scarcely wait to get on that yacht. He is a boat fiend. A few months ago he built her a dinghy out of bits and pieces

of wood he bought in a junk yard. "It is called the *S.S. Robin*; it's bright, blue and very chic," she told me. She intends to use it on what was a field. Lord Aberconway is now in the process of turning this field into a lake at Bodnant, their place in North Wales.

The marriage was at St. Margaret's and, very appropriately, the ceremony was performed by CANON JAMES FISHER who is chaplain to Heathfield, Robin's old school.

Afterwards there was a reception at CHRISTABEL LADY ABERCONWAY's house in North Audley Street. Just the right sort of place for a wedding on the hottest day of the year. Guests gathered on crazy-paved flags round the lily pond and the fountain kept the air cool. In the crowd I saw the bride's grandmother, Mrs. FRANK SIMON and her husband; BARBARA LADY FREYBERG; LORD & LADY CLITHEROE; Mr. PETER CARLISLE & the Hon. Mrs. CARLISLE; and Mr. & Mrs.

(continued on page 247)

WESTMINSTER WEDDING

Miss Robin Bullard, daughter of Major Robert Lee Bullard III of the US Army, and Lady Aberconway, Viscount Cranley, only son of the Earl of Onslow and Pamela Countess of Onslow, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

A reception was held at the North Audley Street home of Christabel Lady Aberconway, mother of the bride's stepfather

1 The bride and bridegroom arrive at North Audley Street. Miss Bullard wore a gown of wild silk organza with a train, and a long tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara

2 Lord Aberconway, stepfather of the bride, who gave her away; Pamela Countess of Onslow, the bridegroom's mother; and his father, the Earl of Onslow

3 Lady Aberconway, mother of the bride

4 Mr. Kenneth Diacre, his daughter Miss Carolyn Diacre and the Hon. Isabell Dillon at the reception

5 Mr. and Mrs. Peter Govett

6 Mr. John Evans, Miss Auriol Mackeson-Sandbach who was a bridesmaid, and Miss Sarah Mayhew

7 The Hon. Michael McLaren, stepbrother of the bride and one of two pages, who wore yellow wild silk trousers, matching cummerbunds and white silk shirts

8 Miss Alexandra Campbell, one of the bridesmaids, Mr. Edmund Loder and Mr. Anthony Wagg





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 245

THOMAS MEEK, who had flown over from New York. Still more were VISCOUNT & VISCONTRESS DILLON; DR. & MRS. JOHN LEDINGHAM; Miss TANA ALEXANDER; LORD & LADY LILFFE; and COL. & MRS. GUY HESELTINE. Mrs. Heseltine, who is artist Anna Zinkeisen, did a delightful miniature of Robin and gave it to her as a wedding present. Another of the many super wedding presents was a Mini-Austin given the bride by her mother.

IT WENT WITH A BANG

When Mr. PETER BOURDILLON and his bride, the former Miss CATRIONA GLENCAIRN-CAMPBELL, left Claridge's on their honeymoon there was a series of explosions. During the reception Mrs. HEW SERVICE, aided and abetted by some of the groomsmen, had been busy blowing up balloons in the back reaches of the hotel. When Mr. & Mrs. Bourdillon went to get into their car there were so many balloons in the back of it that they had to pop them before there was room to sit down. While away they plan to visit Vienna, Salzburg and Budapest—"in search of a bit of rest and a bit of culture." (Picture on page 280.)

The bride, who is the stepdaughter of SIR ROBERT & LADY MUIR-MACKENZIE, looked even more gorgeously slim on her wedding day than usual. It wasn't nerves. "Just weeks and weeks of trying to make black ceilings white in our new flat." On their return they join scores more young marrieds who live in Kensington's Addison Road. The bridegroom, who is studying medicine, is the son of Mr. J. F. BOURDILLON and of Mrs. PAMELA BOURDILLON. Standing with them in the receiving line was Mr. JACK RASHLEIGH BELCHER, whose ward he was until the age of 21.

SIR TATTON BRINTON made a well above average wedding speech. But then good speeches are expected from him; he hopes to take the place of Sir Gerald Nabarro as M.P. for Kidderminster after the election. I talked to Mr. & Mrs. WILLIAM CHIPPINDALL-HIGGIN who are building a house in France. At the moment they are finding that coping with planning regulations in French is heavy weather. Another guest, Mr. HAROLD SOREF, is just back from Africa and has finished a book on it. Miss PHILIPPA HOHLER who shared a coming-out dance with the bride, told me she is off to America in search of a nice job (she is a fully trained secretary) and a lot of sightseeing. Another girl who came out the same year, Miss MELANIE HADDEN, now a radiographer, is going to a job in Australia.

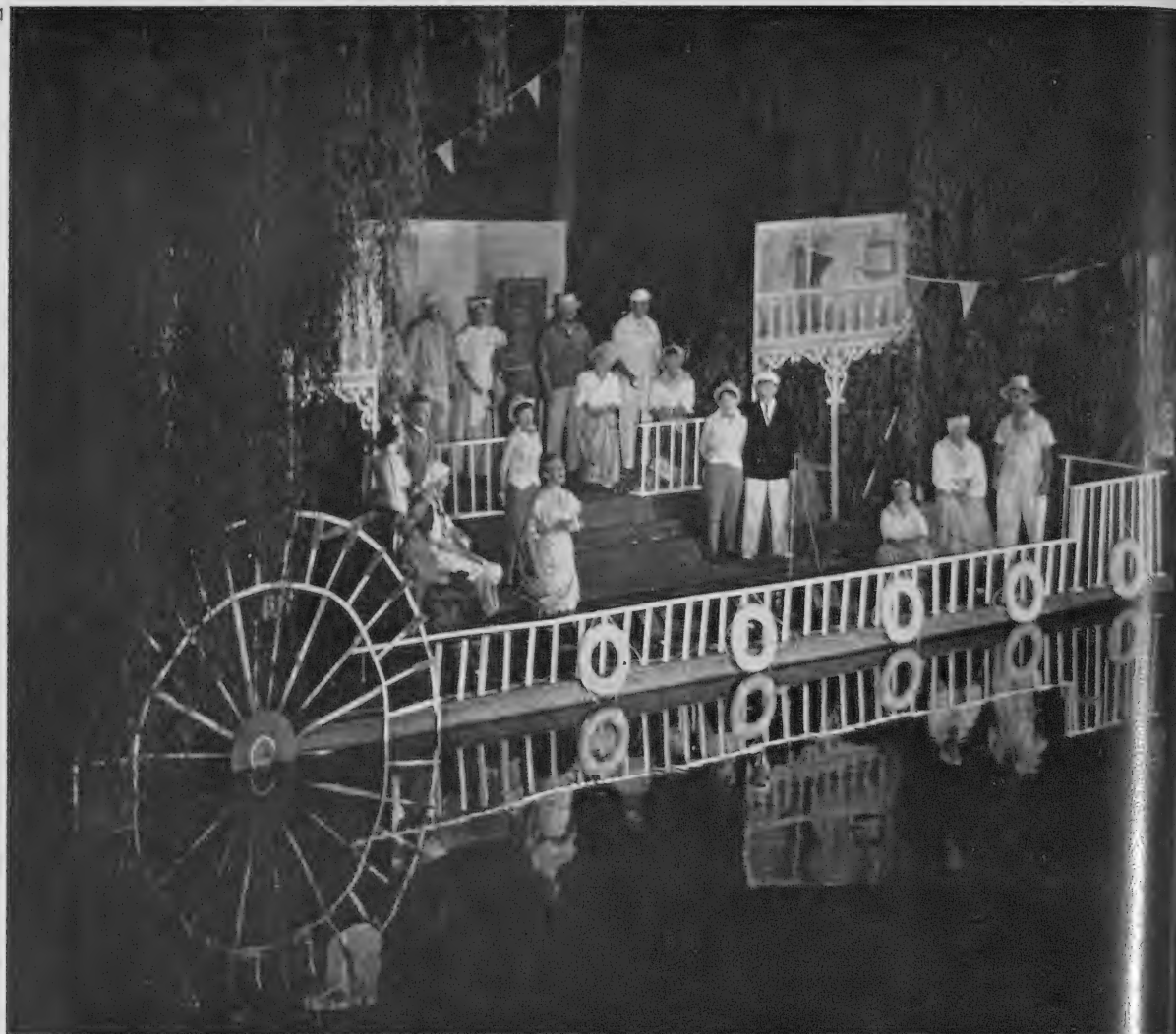
TAILPIECE

Conversation overheard by Mr. ARTHUR MACMILLAN of the publishing family in Westminster Hall last week:

Guide: Beetles got into one of these beams in 1913 . . .

Schoolgirl audience: But they couldn't have done. They weren't born then.

1



2



3



4



OXFAM-ON-THAMES

One of the most successful and original balls of the summer took place at Monkey Island, Bray, in aid of Oxfam. More than 1,400 guests enjoyed dancing to several bands and there were fireworks, a barbecue, and games of chance aboard a gaily decorated "boat"

- 1 The floodlit scene as negro spirituals were sung on the Mississippi-style river "boat"
- 2 Mrs. Gordon Brunton brought along a tin of fly-killer to combat the mosquitoes
- 3 Mr. & Mrs. David Parry dancing to cimbalon music
- 4 Crossing the Monkey Island bridge with their tombola prizes: Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Tisdall
- 5 Miss Gillian Brunton and her father Mr. Gordon Brunton, a member of the ball committee
- 6 Miss Jennie Hunt at the roulette wheel aboard the "boat"
- 7 Miss Margaret Riley, a BOAC air hostess, and Mr. Paul Clements, both ball committee members
- 8 Lt.-Col. R. Eastwood, chairman of the ball committee, with the Mayoress of Maidenhead, Mrs. Maurice Hayes
- 9 Mrs. R. Eastwood and Mr. Maurice Hayes, Mayor of Maidenhead



ENGAGEMENTS



Lady Clare Giffard to Captain Oliver John Martin Lindsay: She is the daughter of the Earl & Countess of Halsbury, of Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. He is the son of Sir Martin Lindsay, Bt., M.P., and Lady Lindsay



Miss Vanessa Hall to Mr. Michael Bareau: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. Watson Hall, of Scorbrough Hall, Driffeld, Yorkshire. He is the elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Bareau, of The Pightle House, Seale, Farnham, Surrey

LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Three old Harrovians and three of their friends—all university students—are on a marathon walk just now from Edinburgh to Land's End. It will take them altogether about four and a half weeks. The aim is to raise money for the Save The Children Fund—at least £1 for each of the 880 miles.

I caught up with some of them—still unblistered and smiling—on their first night out of Edinburgh, when they had a meal at the home of Sir Philip and Lady Grant-Suttie at North Berwick before spending the night at the home of Sir Hew and Lady Anne-Louise Hamilton-Dalrymple, also at North Berwick. "We wanted to start gently, so we've only done about 24 miles today," the leader of the group, Mr. Ian Angus, told me. He is taking a general arts course at Trinity College, Dublin, as is his fiancée, Miss Lenore Best, the only woman member of the team. Theirs might be called a perambulatory romance for they met last year when Mr. Angus organized a 550-mile walk round Ireland for the Irish S.C.F., and they announced their engagement two days before they began the Edinburgh to Land's End trek. "Most people think it's a funny way to start an engagement," Miss Best, who hails from Portadown, told me. She also celebrated her 21st birthday anniversary on the same day.

INFANTRY TACTICS

The group has a van laid on by the fund, so that some may rest while the others walk. Each person walks half the day's distance—usually a good bit over 30 miles in all. "We've a huge first aid kit, but we hope we shan't have to use it," said Miss Best. They're all very experienced walkers and major upsets are unlikely, though they regard a few blistered heels as inevitable.

All the members of the group are genuinely interested in the work of the Save The Children Fund. "I think they spend their money very wisely," Miss Best told me. "And they do a great deal of work in this country as well as abroad—a fact which not many people realise."

MAN OF THE MAPS

A fascinating exhibition of early maps of Scotland is currently open in Edinburgh. It was arranged by the Royal Scottish Geographical Society as a forerunner to the International Cartographic Congress, and at least some of the maps will be on show up to and including the

Festival. Many of them belong to the Society, others have been lent by the British Museum and some by Scotland's National Museum. But there are also some very fine ones which are the property of a private collector, Dr. David C. Simpson of the Department of Medical Physics of the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Simpson, who owns more than 200 maps, tells me that his interest in them stems from his war service, and he has now been collecting for about 15 years.

He concentrates on maps of Edinburgh, mostly old ones, though the range of the exhibition is from 1540 to 1920. There are now very few left outside libraries and collections, he tells me. "They were always a bit scarce. Nowadays they just do not turn up." Biggest thrill for him recently was the acquisition, just before the opening of the exhibition (where it is on show) of Kirkwood's plan and elevation of the New Town. He had been looking for it for 11 or 12 years and eventually a bookseller found it for him.

About two years ago Dr. Simpson and his wife produced a book on old maps of Edinburgh called *Edinburgh Displayed*. "We're just getting our breath back from that," Dr. Simpson told me, "but we're at present planning another book to come out in about a year's time."

SEPTEMBER WEDDING

Katharine, younger daughter of the Hon. Lord Cameron and the late Mrs. Cameron, tells me plans for her wedding in Edinburgh in September are now well in hand. She is to be married at St. Vincent's Church—of which she has been a choir member for some years—to Mr. David Bruce Weir, an Edinburgh advocate. They met when Bruce was sharing a flat with Katharine's brother Kenneth, also an advocate in Edinburgh (incidentally, his wedding will take place before that of his sister). With all these legal brains involved, Katharine brings her own by no means meagre academic achievements to the match. Last year she graduated in arts from the University of St. Andrews and this year she has completed her course at the University of Edinburgh for a Social Study diploma. She hopes to get her thesis completed before she walks up the aisle. And she's not going to put her training away and forget about it. She plans to do voluntary social work after her marriage.

J.P.



Jackie McGovern, who is 17 years old, is the youngest-ever girl parachutist in Britain. She took up the sport last month but has already made five jumps and has her eye set on the women's championships, not so much for the kudos as to dispel the idea that this is a tough men's sport. Jackie comes from Edinburgh

but is working as a telephonist in Guildford where she is staying with her uncle, another keen parachutist. Her only other interest is American folk music, but she finds that the money she spent on records now goes on jumping. This picture was taken at Thruxton sky diving centre, near Andover.

THE PARAGIRLS

WORDS AND PICTURES BY TONY EVANS

Helen Flambert came first in the British Ladies' Championship and has made 97 jumps in the two years since the club started at the aerodrome near her home. From being an interested spectator, 20-years-old Helen soon became a proficient parachutist. Only occasionally does she feel nervous about an important jump, but enjoys the exhilarating sensation of floating. Curiously the only other sport for which she has time is swimming. Helen is studying physiotherapy at the Bristol Royal Infirmary



THE PARAGIRLS

There are only a handful of women parachutists in this country; the British Parachute Association has 30 jumping members, but only about a dozen jump regularly. All those I met were young and pretty: this is not an essential qualification, for the general image of the world's top women jumpers is that of the housewife with children. The immediate impression that this is a sport for tough men only is quickly dispelled by these birds.

The essence of this sport is sky diving: the idea is to get as high as possible, jump, and drop to the critical height of 2,000 feet before opening the parachute. Three of the champions featured here have jumped from 12,000 feet giving themselves nearly a minute of free fall, as it takes about 56 seconds to drop 10,000 feet. It is during this fall that the joys of the sport are to be found. Speed of fall depends on position: the basic stable position indicates about 120 m.p.h. the Y or Cannarozzo, up to 160 m.p.h. This is not a terrifying experience, as an uncontrolled tumble from a cliff top probably is—the basic position, face down, spread-eagled, symmetrical positioning of limbs and strong back extension, gives no sensation of speed: goggles are unnecessary and a conversation is possible with someone falling nearby. Nor is there difficulty with breathing. The sensation is generally described as floating. Having reached this stable position—the skydiver's basic objective—body control is the next objective, aiming at somersaults, turns, loops and rolls. It is also possible, by manipulation of the limbs, to drive the body across the sky.

The second aim of sky divers is accuracy—that is, landing within a pre-decided spot: in competitions, marks are awarded for landing within a six-inch circle. The jumper signals to the pilot when he judges that he is over the right spot (allowing for wind drift) and engine speed is reduced. Man jumps. After the chute has opened the wind drives the jumper towards his target and he uses his slotted canopy to steer. By using two control lines the jumper can rotate the canopy to change direction.

The only drawback to girls interested in trying the high jump is the high cost. Not so much of equipment—boots, overall and crash helmet are not too expensive—but of hiring the aircraft, and this is in proportion to the height required. A learner will not need to go very high, but the instructor's share of the flight must be paid, so each jump will cost between 10s. and 30s. depending on the number of people carried and the time taken. Learners jump from about 2,000 feet and the chute is opened automatically by a static line as soon as the jumper is clear of the plane. Later he pulls the ripcord himself—but by that time the joys of free fall are only too clear.



Right: Penny Seeger, seen here at Blackbushe airport, near Camberby, became intrigued with the sport when her husband took it up. She is in the WRNS reserve and specializes in making anoraks and sleeping bags. Mrs. Seeger's aim was to take up motor racing, but she decided on the compromise of joining her husband in a sport that is slightly less expensive. She came second in the British Ladies' Championships and is now representing Great Britain at the World Championships in Germany. 27-year-old Mrs. Seeger has been practising in (or over) France and plans to join her husband (a lieutenant in the Royal Marines) in the Far East immediately after the championships

Far right: Penny Sands visited London one rainy weekend and went to two parachutists' clubs with her boy-friend. She threatened him not to take up jumping, but found herself becoming increasingly interested despite the fact that "I've no head for heights, I haven't got much nerve, I'd never been in a plane before and I feel scared whenever I jump!" Penny is 19 years old and has only been jumping for three months; she expects to gain more confidence with time. A personal secretary working in Birmingham, she lives in Solihull and is also interested in motor racing

Right: Diana Knipe has been jumping for two years and took up the sport in sympathy with her husband who, as a steeplejack, is used to heights. She has made nearly 60 jumps, the highest from 12,000 ft. which gave her a 56-second free fall before opening her 'chute. 21-year-old Diana came third in the British Ladies' Championships and wants to continue indefinitely: sky-diving has priority over her other interests in caving, pot-holing and canoeing

Far right: Patricia McPherson inherited her interest in sky-diving from her father, who was a paratrooper during the war. A year ago, when she was 18, she joined the Army and is now stationed in Aldershot. As yet Patricia has only made two jumps, but it is her aim to jump with the Army at the end of this year. Her other interests are netball, tennis and athletics



THE PARAGIRLS

Hedi lived with us for nearly a year. She was slight and fair and couldn't have been nicer, and she played the piano like an angel.

Her best friend, also living in England, was a strong contrast; small and squat and having a certain dark glitter of hair and eye that made us nickname her, in private, The Beetle.

I was going to Switzerland for a week or two and unfortunately it meant flying. There is absolutely nothing like Progress, but cars or 'planes make me feel exhausted and sick, and when I get back from a journey I am fit for nothing but bed.

I invited The Beetle to stay in the house with Hedi as moral support and to help with the cooking. Fortunately she was able to come. A postcard, breathing serenity and efficiency, arrived for me up in the mountains assuring me that all was going well and "Gertrud and I practise the cooking." I didn't altogether like the word "practise," but I was having such a good time it immediately slipped from my mind.

The return journey was even more airless and noisy than usual. It seemed that I had no sooner shut my eyes on gentians and snow than I was hurtling along in the dim glare of the Great West Road, and when I opened my front door, sick and shaken, I wanted nothing but bed.

I was met by Hedi and The Beetle and, when the affectionate greetings were over, Hedi said: "Now, we have a nice surprise for you. We make you a typical Swiss meal." Smiles all round. Mine were of the kind that were once known as sickly.

The table was laid; flowers, shining forks and spoons, a bottle of orange juice. I couldn't, no, I *could not*, say that I was going up to bed. I sat down and shut my eyes, ready to open them expectantly, and there was a pause—unfortunately not a long one. Almost at once Hedi came in, carrying a tray and followed by The Beetle,

empty-handed but smiling and joyful.

Hedi proudly set down her tray. "Onion tart. Typical Swiss," she said. The onions gleamed glutinously under a transparent sauce, the pastry rose round them in rich puffy bastions.

I ate some. "Delicious, Hedi . . . thank you, Gertrud, how kind of you . . . is it really typically Swiss?" Oh yes, it was typical Swiss. Onion tart, very good. Another pause. The onion tart was taken away. The room was slightly going round.

Re-enter Hedi, carrying a tray and followed by the ever-beaming Beetle. "Cheese tart. Typical Swiss. We hope you enjoy yourself." Lumps of Gruyère lifted themselves richly from a buttery white sauce, with pastry escarpments as before. I managed to eat some.

"Very good, Hedi . . . Gertrud, it's quite professional . . . er . . . do you really have two pastry dishes one after another at a typically Swiss meal? It's so *original* . . . over here, we try to avoid having the same kind of dish at the same meal . . . but this really is delicious." Delighted giggles and emphatic nods.

"Now we have another good surprise for you. Also typical Swiss."

"Three courses? How wonderful."

I leant back in my chair and shut my eyes. At least I could do that.

The pause was longer this time, perhaps to point the drama of a *pièce de résistance*, but at last Hedi came sweetly in, carrying her tray, and followed as before by the faithful Beetle.

Rings of apple were arranged under a dreadfully sweet-looking clear sauce, amid positive Alps of puff pastry.

"Apple tart. To finish you with. Typical Swiss." I nearly was finished, but I just managed to eat a spoonful.

If I were writing this for the Arabian Nights, I would call it The Adventure of The Three Tarts.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO... STELLA GIBBONS

The personality of Cowes is twofold like the town itself, bisected as it is by the bustling river Medina. **J. ROGER BAKER** found the genuine warmth and friendliness alongside the lively social life of Cowes week. The photographs were taken by **MORRIS NEWCOMBE**

Only by comparison with the other coastal towns on the Isle of Wight is it possible to put Cowes in perspective and to realize its highly individual atmosphere. It is not a peppermint-rock-and-pier resort like Sandown or Shanklin: it hasn't the peaceful, sea-washed atmosphere of Yarmouth, or the placid quietude of Seaview: it lacks the immediate splendour of Ventnor's cliff-hung setting. At first glance, in fact, Cowes may even seem dispiriting. It is spread about the mouth of the river Medina which splits the town. East Cowes is a red-brick slab of industrialized conurbation, a scar on the pastoral hillside across the river mouth. Ferry steamers and commercial cargo ships steam into the busy port and from time to time a hovercraft, rowdy kraken, spits across the waters in its attendant clouds of spray, sending miniature tidal waves heaving over the quays. The main street of Cowes winds and tilts in a one-way obstacle race of delivery vans, fruit barrows and straggling pedestrians, separated from the seafront by pubs, clubs, houses and boat yards.

But suddenly High Street ends and the mood is altered. For several hundred yards a wide Victorian parade, pink-paved, balustraded, curves round towards Cowes Castle, home of the Royal Yacht Squadron. From here the panoply of the Solent stretches towards the mainland, a diamond-etched foil to the voluptuous pile of wooded hills behind the town. There are rows of pretty, white-painted 18th-century houses, an antique shop with a penny farthing bicycle outside, a vast block of 1930-ish flats, some public lavatories and a park for cars and coaches. Because the deep water channel through the Solent passes very close inshore when curving round the Isle of Wight, the great liners leaving Southampton come almost within arm's reach of Cowes. This is a great attraction for holidaymakers from other parts of the island. Boards go up announcing which ship will be passing and when, and the Parade becomes packed with people there to see the *Queen Mary*, the s.s. *France* and on one historic occasion the American nuclear-powered cargo liner *Savannah* on its maiden voyage.

These disparate elements are unified by Cowes' position as the country's premier yachting centre and the quality of sophistication this brings. Each weekend during the yachting season the town bulges with a sudden increase in population, people who come for the racing, or just for a sociable weekend. On Sunday evening the young men in white ducks, the girls in jeans and anoraks, the older men in blazers and yachting caps, their wives, jovial and hearty, sea-tanned and trousered, leave. On Monday the town is quiet. This

(continued on page 260)

SET FAIR FOR COWES





Wives and sisters are now able to become associate members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. For the extensions to the building, Cowes Castle, old stone was integrated into the fabric. Among the objects and souvenirs placed on the platform of the Squadron are the wheel of the *Victoria & Albert*, the old Royal Yacht, and models of notable boats, some of them in silver







The balcony of the Island Sailing Club on the waterfront is packed for the presentation to the winners of the Round the Island race. To the right of the adjoining Customs office is Slipway Cottage, beyond which is the start of the Parade. *Top left:* the impressive collection of yachts line up for the start of the Round the Island race. *Below left:* Mr. George Barton has been harbour master at Cowes for 30 years. He feels the greatest change over that period has been the increase of quantity over quality. "I do not mean that the yachts today are inferior; far from it. What I do mean is that instead of just a few large steam yachts arriving, we have many more individuals with smaller ones." He believes that Cowes is definitely holding its own; perhaps even moving into a boom period. *Far left:* Mr. and Mrs. Barrie Heath (left) have been slowly converting a seafront house that once belonged to Napoleon III. Mr. Heath is the commodore of the Royal London Y.C. With the Heaths for a Sunday morning drink are Mr. Tom Sawyer, general manager of the Hyde Park Hotel, and Mrs. Geoffrey Blake who lives next door. Their rooftop promenade is over Sir Max Aitken's house

pattern repeats through the year, reaching its climax for Cowes week, a gala of races with guns booming, flags flying. This is the summer of Cowes, a town which has a largely artificial social life imposed upon it. But artificial only in the sense that it is not indigenous to the place: it lacks nothing in warmth, good-humour and gaiety. From it Cowes is drawing a different lease of life.

Mr. George Barton, who has been harbour master at Cowes for 30 years points out that more and more people are coming there each year. A simple comparison of mooring figures illustrates the point: "In 1934 there were 60 moorings, this year I have to accommodate more than 300. People used to come in the big steam yachts, live and entertain on board. Now they stay in the town. During Cowes week one can be invited to three or four different parties each evening."

The points about which the social life of Cowes revolves are the yacht clubs, of which there are four. The Royal Yacht Squadron occupies Cowes Castle, Prince Philip stays there; it has the quiet cool elegance of a country house: the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, a rambling, polished, friendly house, set in a rose-hung garden, is residentially the biggest: the Royal London Yacht Club is tall, an amalgamation of two seafront houses, and has the atmosphere of a London club: finally the Island Sailing Club, right on the waterfront, is not residential, but provides an indispensable social centre for meals, drinks, race-viewing. Rebuilt two years ago, the Island Club gives a contemporary look to the waterside with its wide veranda and spiralling concrete slab staircase. There is also the Cowes



Sir Adrian Jarvis, Bt., well-known horse owner, also races yachts and has a weekend house on Cowes waterfront, part of a modern block called Admiral's Wharf. During Cowes Week he commutes every day, preferring the Ryde-Portsmouth route to the Cowes-Southampton one. His house has an unbeatable view of the harbour, which is a major attraction for him. *Below:* Boarding *Spray*, the yacht he bought for his grandson, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore with Lady Longmore (*centre*) and Mrs. Christopher Longmore, his granddaughter-in-law. Left is Frank, boatman to the Island Sailing Club. Sir Arthur says: "Compared with foreign yachting centres, Cowes is inferior—there is inadequate mooring space and it is uncomfortable, especially in a north wind. Marinas are marvellous, but it is unlikely Cowes will have one, mainly because the tides are so strong"

Corinthian Y.C., an offshoot of the Royal Corinthian which, with its low membership fees, aims at young people.

But, the most important development is that regular visitors to Cowes are tending to buy their own houses, setting up a nucleus of social activity which—and some find this regrettable—tends to operate increasingly independent of the yachting clubs. A factor that has contributed largely to this, has been the increase in popularity of the power boat which makes it possible to commute in 15 minutes from

Southampton. A boatman will bring the power boat over the Solent on Friday evening, meeting its owner there. At the end of the weekend, the boatman will drive the power boat back to Cowes where it stays for the week.

Naturally enough, houses on the waterfront are the most highly coveted. On the top two floors of a beautiful 18th-century building, once the love-nest of Napoleon III, live Mr. & Mrs. Barrie Heath. "We took over the place in 1957 when we needed somewhere to store our yachting gear,"





The Royal Corinthian Yacht Club is the biggest, residentially, in Cowes; stands in its own immaculate, rose-hung garden and is run with smooth efficiency by Mr. Wally Bowen who lives in the top floor flat of a massive block nearby. Below: Mr. Clare Lallow is the third generation of the boat-building firm established in 1867—and his son will ultimately take over from him. He will spend up to five months making a Dragon class yacht. This would cost some £2,000: "You can't mass-produce a boat like a car," he points out. In his yard are Sir Max Aitken's power-boat *Vivacity*, for modifications, and *Clarion*, which Mr. Lallow built last year and which won the last Fastnet race

Mrs. Heath told me. "We got one room organized and then of course we couldn't stop decorating and converting. So soon we had our weekend house. All our friends are within hailing distance from up here; sometimes it's like Hotel Paradiso with heads popping out of all windows."

As if to prove it, we took our Pimms out on to the roof and waved to Sir Max Aitken, who lives in an extension of the house jutting out into the harbour below. He was being ferried out to his yellow power boat *Vivacity* which came third in the Miami-Nassau race in April. We waved to Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Blake who live in

another 18th-century house next door, and to Mr. Howard Lobb, vice-commodore of the Royal Corinthian Y.C. The Heaths' house overlooks Admiral's Wharf, a modern block of six houses built by Mr. Heath and Sir Max Aitken. These houses have, on the ground floor, car space on the street side and on the water side, a boat port, with its own slipway and quay. People living in this block include Sir Adrian (Jimmy) Jarvis, Bt., well-known in horse racing circles, Mr. Geoffrey Gilbert of Jaeger, and Mr. Lobb. Two have yet to be sold. Next to this, and completing the cluster of residences,

is the house belonging to Mr. Uffa Fox.

This was Sunday morning, warm and clear, the relaxed and jovial morning after the exertions of the Round the Island race held the previous day. After a run out in Mr. Heath's power boat *Chasseur* (he commutes in it) to have a close-up of *Kurrewa* which was being put through its paces in the bay, we went on to the Royal London Yacht Club to meet a past commodore Mr. Farrant Gillham. He and his wife also have their own house in Cowes, Slipway Cottage, an 18th-century cottage that appears on old prints of the town. Mrs. Gillham supervised the conversion and decor: the ground floor is a large hall and on the first floor, with its balconied windows, is the main room with a bar-type kitchen ("This is the only answer to catering in Cowes," she said, "when you suddenly have to feed an unspecified number of hungry yachtsmen").

A clue to the atmosphere of Cowes was given by Lady Longmore, who with her husband, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, has a weekend flat near the R.Y.S. of which he is a member: "Cowes is unselfish and nice. If go-getting is modern, Cowes is old-fashioned. There are some splendid landladies; when we go out we don't bother to lock doors. There is a good, friendly atmosphere. And the young men are actually fighting to be crews of the lifeboats, which makes a change when all one seems to hear about are young ruffians." Sir Arthur sees little change in Cowes from pre-war days, apart from the increase of holiday-makers: "It is well nigh impossible to walk along High Street because of the crowds, and there are so many coaches—bored holiday-makers going on mystery tours, I believe."





Left: Mr. Farrant Gillham is a past Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club.

Below left: Mrs. Farrant Gillham lives at Slipway Cottage on the Parade, Cowes. Keen and indefatigable hostess to hungry yachtsmen, she is particularly interested in interior decoration, helped to convert her house into an elegant weekend residence and organized the decor



Surgeon Rear Admiral E. T. S. Rudd is House Governor of King Edward VII's Convalescent Home for Officers at Osborne House in East Cowes. He says: "Cowes is marvellous, especially in the winter. There is hardly any traffic or any of the rat race of the mainland." He has been there for six years. Osborne House was Queen Victoria's family residence; she died there, and the major part of it is open to the public, a treasure house of Victoriana. Admiral Rudd's office was the Queen's audition chamber and remains untouched—with carpet, curtains and a chandelier of great splendour

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

MICHAEL COOPER



THE NEEDLEWORK LESSON

Newfangled girls who are fumble-fingered with needle and thread should take a few short sharp sewing lessons or buttonhole their dressmakers quickly, for a great home-made look is cottoning-on fast to the fashion network. Flouncy crochet, demure smocking, intricate stitching and tapestry are pulling great strings, and Unity Barnes gives needle work lesson to all girls prepared to take a stitch in time before the shops sell out. Lazy girls, however, need do no more than buy the clothes already sewn-up on these pages. Photographs by Michael Cooper



Lesson I

Crochet two sleeves and a little girl collar on to a length of creamy wool crêpe for a sweet dress with a delicate air. 8½ gns. from Neatawear, Oxford Street, Marble Arch and Birmingham

Lesson II

Borrow a design from Fabiani and crochet a thick snowy sweater with a deep square neck over a hooded black jersey. By Margray, white sweater 24 gns., black jersey, 8½ gns. to order from Lucia, Berkeley Street; Joan Sutherland, Maidenhead

THE NEEDLEWORK LESSON



Lesson IV

Take a length of cobweb fine chenille, cherry-red for warmth and knit it up into a cuddly sweater with a polo collar.

By John Craig,
£4 15s. 6d. West
End branches of
Richard Shops

Lesson III

Knit up a tie-belted dress of white Orlon, flare the cuffs, gild the buttons on the front and hand crochet French knots round the hem, cuffs and neck. By Susan Small, 13½ gns. at Woodlands; Ambre, Wimbledon

Lesson V

Stitch on chocolate brown crochet collar and cuffs to a creamy knitted tweed dress with a gently gathered waist. 19 gns. at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea





THE NEEDLEWORK LESSON



Lesson VI

Wrap a baby bonnet in bright pink chenille round the head of a grown-up girl. Head spinning results. By James Wedge, 20 gns. at Liberty



Lesson VII

Lace yourself into a roll of black cotton crochet from Mexico, flare the sleeves, shorten the hem to knee level and wear any colour you like underneath. Dress 10 gns. from Mexicana, Lower Sloane Street

Lesson VIII

On to a simple jet-black jersey dress, tat a scarlet collar and cuffs and draw a thread of black ribbon through for effect. By Estrava, 7½ gns. at Derry & Toms

THE NEEDLEWORK LESSON



Lesson IX

Hand crochet a brief bodice on to a bouclé wool tweed dress, dip the result into raspberry pink and trim with a bow. By Susan Small Trendsetters, 11½ gns. at Derry & Toms

Lesson X

Smock the shoulders and cuffs of a Liberty wool dress, tapestry-printed with green lazy daisies and bind the V-neck and bishop sleeves with bright emerald braid. By Susan Small, 11½ gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Dalys, Glasgow



on plays

John Salt / The school for farce

I remember my first farce chiefly for the events that preceded it; for my theatregoing that damp February night marked the end of an unhappy love affair. We were incompatible, I can see that now. Perhaps I could even see it at the time, it should not have been difficult. I will not pretend that my father took me to the theatre because his deep understanding of his son enabled him to perceive my inner distress. He took me as a treat for my ninth birthday. The farce was called *Ladies Night* and it starred the late Sydney Howard. The action passed in a Turkish bath and was very *risqué*, involving a number of gentlemen who lost their trousers in pursuit of ladies clad only in towels. My mother thought it an odd choice of play and told my father so quite loudly. But as for me I was hooked and besotted, quite lost to any

world other than the zany universe of Mr. Howard. Forgetful too of my lost love, who after all was blonde and 23, and quite ignorant of my passion.

The plot of *Ladies Night* escapes me but I do remember Sydney Howard. I remember his arms pressed tightly to his sides and his hands splayed out at rigid right angles to them, his waddling walk and the lugubrious solemnity of his puffy, putty-featured face. If I had been old enough I should also have appreciated and, therefore remembered, the exactitude of his timing, by which all farce hangs.

If I best remember Howard by his hands, I should remember Chaplin by his feet and I shall remember Mr. Brian Rix by his face. Not because it is extraordinary, it is in fact very ordinary; you might have it, so might I. But it has a grin that truly is extraordinary, not a knowing one, nor yet a

sly one, but a great big all-embracing, multi-purpose one that does duty for fear, for embarrassment, for love, for anger, for honest, blank bewilderment. Never perhaps has it worked so hard as in the Whitehall Theatre's latest farce *Chase Me Comrade!* You don't need to know the plot, I couldn't explain it to you in any case; but Mr. Rix survived and his grin survived and the audience—we well we survived as well even though it was the hottest night of the mid-July heatwave and the exit doors of the Whitehall remained obstinately closed throughout the performance.

To be honest we did more than survive, we cheered as the last curtain fell. Perhaps we would have cheered anybody who worked as hard as Mr. Rix and his gang in such a tropic temperature but the fact remains that the applause was sincere. *Chase Me Comrade!* is an honest piece of theatre in its own genre whether you like farce or detest it. I have no doubt that this one will run a good long time, and at the Whitehall that could mean three years. The reason is not too far to

seek. Farce is a business like any other and the Rix team is well schooled in its lore. In farce one can predict the action with reasonable certainty but would be hard put to perform it with the snide skill of such pastmasters as Mr. Leo Franklyn and Mr. Basil Lord, both long-serving members of the Rix academy. But with all this the mechanics are well concealed. Mr. Rix does us the courtesy of imagining that the audience, are not a pack of Pavlov-trained dogs who operate in obedience to a string of conditioned reflexes. And if ever such a thought should occur there is always his grin to disarm suspicion.

Farce needs pretty girls and it's worth a visit to the Whitehall if only to see Miss Jacqueline Ellis and Miss Helen Jessop, however unlikely the last-named may appear in the role of a prima ballerina. But then who cares about likelihood in farce? I would perform a couple of graceful arabesques also, and if I could, in the direction of Mr. Kerry Gardner as Petrovyan, a defecting Russian ballet dancer. It is quite the best send-up I have ever witnessed bar a vertical take-off by a Flying Bedstead at the Royal Aircraft Establishment.

The Press gets sent up too, perhaps sent down would be more correct. Mr. Rix devours the front page of an evening newspaper at each performance, which is an awful lot of newsprint to get mixed with one's gastric juices. He is also offered a bite of the *Tatler* which he politely declines. But if the pangs of hunger at any time become too great, Mr. Rix is welcome to munch the review on this page, provided that he leaves the picture section intact; people like to look at that.

So what's a cure for melancholy? Well a visit to the Whitehall Theatre would be one. But how goes it with the farceur I wonder; does the comedian ever feel sad? If he does I hope he will not meet the fate of the great French mime Baptiste who, having consulted a doctor about his deep depression, is advised curtly: "Allez voir Baptiste!" You can see that scene on film if you can find a repertory cinema that's still playing the classic *Les Enfants du Paradis*. Oh, and don't forget to go to the Whitehall as well.



Brian Rix (left) again plays the leading role in his company's presentation of a new Whitehall farce, *Chase Me, Comrade!* by Ray Cooney, co-author of the theatre's last big success, *One For The Pot*. Also in this scene are Helen Jessop, Dennis Ramsden and Jacqueline Ellis. One of Mr. Rix's nightly duties is to eat the front page of an evening newspaper; he refuses a bite at the *Tatler*, as John Salt records above

Pat Wallace has been on holiday. She will resume her regular theatre review next week.

on films

Elspeth Grant / Honour among thieves



Mickey Spillane and Larry Taylor in *The Girl Hunters*

When Mr. Frank Sinatra and his bosom buddies, Messrs. Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr., film together they all too often give the impression that they are enjoying a series of private jokes and don't give a fig whether or not the paying public will be amused, too. I am happy to report they have abandoned their disrespectful, "take it or leave it, we're having fun anyway" attitude in *Robba and the Seven Hoods*: this time they're playing for you. It makes a nice change.

The film, a skit on the old-style gangster movies with a handful of musical numbers thrown in, is set in the Chicago of the 1920s. Big Jim (Mr. Edward G. Robinson), the city's leading gangster, believes in friendship: "If a guy don't have no friends, he should go right out and buy him some," he says at his birthday party—and having bought himself the lot he's entertaining, including the local Sheriff (Mr. Robert Foulk), he looks suitably pained when they all produce revolvers and shoot him dead at his own dinner table.

Guy Gisborne (Mr. Peter Falk) appoints himself Big Jim's successor, which brings him up against Robbo (Mr. Sinatra), the gangster boss of the North Side, who had quite a regard for the deceased and has none at all for the upstart Gisborne. In the war between them, Robbo is partnered by Little John (Mr. Martin) and Will (Mr. Davis Jr.), while Gisborne has the corrupt Sheriff on his side—though not for long. For one thing, he's too expensive, and, for another, he gives Gisborne a spot of bad advice—so he has to be eliminated: the crooked pillar of society becomes (literally) the

corner-stone of the new police headquarters.

Marian (Miss Barbara Rush), Big Jim's elegant daughter, assumes it's Robbo who has done away with the Sheriff, whom she blames for her father's death: she rewards him with 50,000 dollars. Robbo, who's rightly a mite cagey about the gal, donates the dough to an orphanage, of which Allen A. Dale (Mr. Bing Crosby) is secretary. Dale gives the story to the newspapers, and Robbo is so pleased with the image he creates of a Robin Hood, taking from the rich to give to the poor, that he hires him as his publicist.

Dale makes Robbo the darling of Chicago. Gisborne, realizing he can't fight the whole city, tries to frame Robbo for the murder of the Sheriff but the trial has an unexpected outcome and soon another corner-stone is laid. (No, I know you don't know what I'm talking about, but you'll find out: it's really very funny, in a macabre sort of way.)

From here on, the plot grows so madly involved—with what Marian using Robbo's soup kitchens as a front for a large-scale counterfeiting racket—that it would take hours to unravel it and we haven't the time, have we? And, anyway, once Gisborne had gone, I began to lose interest. Mr. Falk is probably the reason why Mr. Sinatra and his chums are on their mettle here—though they could obviously do nothing to prevent him stealing the picture. He has a menacing cast in the eye, a ramshackle way of talking and extremely eloquent hands—in short, he's quite marvellous.

The film (directed by Mr. Gordon Douglas) sags a bit

here and there but has some really glorious moments. Mr. Martin effortlessly beating a stunned Mr. Sinatra at a game of pool, and Messrs. Martin and Sinatra singing *You Have or You Haven't Got Style* while Mr. Crosby models a colourful collection of gents' natty suitings are two of them—and there is a gorgeous transformation scene in which a luxury gambling joint is miraculously converted, by pressure on a button, into a temperance mission hall where Mr. Crosby leads the congregation in a song denouncing that old debbil, Mr. Booze. I think you'll find it jolly good entertainment.

Providing you can stomach an opening scene in which a man is beaten-up ferociously by an insanelly sadistic cop, you may quite enjoy *The Girl Hunters*. I can't say I did, exactly, but I have to admit it gave me a few laughs. Mr. Mickey Spillane (none of whose shockers I have ever read) has himself a ball playing his own hero, Mike Hammer, in his own (highly confused) story of a missing girl, a murdered secret agent, a rich young widow (Miss Shirley Eaton), a vengeful copper (Mr. Lloyd Nolan)

and a hired assassin called The Dragon who is employed by a vast, I think Communist, spy ring.

Mr. Spillane, a square-built, fortyish chap with a slightly crooked aquiline nose and a massive chin, tears purposefully through the film looking (he hopes) almighty tough and struggling in and out of a white mackintosh without which he never goes anywhere. There is a kind of little-boy enthusiasm about him and he so patently identifies himself with Mike Hammer that I can see him sitting at his typewriter, going through all the facial expressions he considers appropriate as he pounds out his stories: you know—sneering coldly as he makes Mike Hammer say "Well, so long, baby" to the silly woman who has blown her head off while trying to shoot him in the back.

In addition to that damn' mackintosh, he wears a disastrous wide-brimmed pork-pie hat of the kind sported by tweedy British spinsters in country villages. Oh, well! If we want a well-dressed author playing his pet hero, I suppose we'll just have to wait until Mr. Ian Fleming turns up as James Bond.

on books

Oliver Warner / Science fiction variants

I assume that *Mandrake* by Susan Cooper (Hodder & Stoughton 18s.) is a first novel and the author, at 28, is the first woman to have edited the *Cherwell*. Oxford plays an important role in her sinister tale, but it has become a walled city, just as all England has been split into regions by the dread hand of the Minister of Planning, apparently the tool of terrestrial forces that are taking their revenge on mankind for his nuclear activities. *Mandrake* is the name of the Minister who comes upon a means of mass influence, positively Russian in its effects, and against which the anthropologist hero, Question, pits his wits. A science fiction variant, this novel is highly original and shows a power of characterization not always evident in this type of writing. I would not recommend it to the jaded as cheerful escapism, but it is a serious, well argued and extremely readable story.

Lost Upon the Roundabouts (Hogarth Press 21s.) introduced me to the writing of A. L. Barker who wrote *Innocents*, winner of the first

Somerset Maugham Award. This collection of quality short stories is fairly even in mood and outlook though this is more sombre than sunny. The author has a great understanding of the old, the ageing and the lonely, and though she seldom revives drooping spirits, she does have a gift for the gentle twist of circumstance. There is a particularly good story called *Miss Eagle* which will appeal to anybody suddenly released from the burden of looking after a relative of fixed habits.

If you have ever stopped to wonder what sort of woman is behind one of those vast-circulation women's journals, *Millions Made my Story* (Gollancz 25s.) makes the matter plain. It is the autobiography of Mary Grieve, a level-headed and highly acute woman who was able, during her long spell as editor of *Woman*, to identify herself so completely with her journal and its interests that, reading her smooth narrative, one never has the slightest feeling of a person in rebellion. This is true dedication, and though

the story is oddly without emotional heights and depths, that is exactly what one would have expected from a person determined to make her team even more successful this year than last.

The many people whose image of Louis XIV derives from the Duc de Saint-Simon through his incomparable Memoirs, will find from Vincent Cronin's *Louis XIV* (Collins 36s.) just how biased Saint-Simon was. This biography is an attractive and most sympathetic picture, not of an age but of a man. If it has a failing (and I for one count it a virtue) it is that it is *too* charitable, not merely to Louis himself, but to his enemies.

Briefly . . . Victorian public virtue is very well realized in the character of Lord Shaftesbury, and in his brief biography *Shaftesbury* (Batsford 18s.) G. F. A. Best has found a subject after his own heart. The early years of this beneficent though cantankerous man were so miserable that they provided him with a motive for bettering the lot of others. It is not, alas, a common reaction, but in his case it had lasting and notable results in the way of reform . . . *Training the Horse* by Brigadier Lyndon Bolton (Pelham Books 21s.) is a revised and enlarged version of the author's *Thoughts on Riding* which, as Pat Smythe

says in her foreword, has long been known and cherished. There is nothing better than a technical book when it is clearly written on a good subject, and in this case the illustrations are on the way to being as valuable as the text.

If you had to slaughter and prepare your own meat, would you be a vegetarian? My own answer is not in doubt, and after savouring *The Home Book of Vegetarian Cookery*

by N. B. and R. B. Highton (Faber and Faber 21s.), who run the Vega Restaurant, I am almost persuaded that one need not necessarily rise from a vegetarian meal longing for a juicy steak. The chapter on Savouries, including Egg Dishes, is specially good, and so are the Curries, though some of the ingredients such as Turmeric, Curnin Seed, Fenugreek ("mild flavour and resembles celery") won't

always be easy to find . . . *Ellery Queen's Mystery Mix* (Gollancz 18s.) is a new selection from *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* and it includes 20 stories. My own belief is that the genre is showing signs of over-sophistication, but there is no evidence that this view is widely shared. If you like spy stuff, there is *The Le Carré Omnibus* (Gollancz 18s.) which contains *Call for the Dead* and *A Murder of Quality*.



Doreen Wells in the ballet *Raymonda* at the Festival of Two Worlds, Spoleto

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Miles apart

The policy of recording top jazzmen "live" at San Francisco's notorious Blackhawk Club, openly described in the album notes as the world's dingiest and dirtiest jazz spot, seems consistently to pay off. **Miles Davis in Person** (CBS) uses Miles' regular quintet of the period (1960), with Hank Mobley's biting tenor adding what little support he needs. The rest of the group comprises pianist Wynton Kelly, always to be relied on to provide an interesting solo, with the redoubtable Paul Chambers on bass and Jimmy Cobb on drums to keep a merry beat going. Inevitably it is the trumpet which rivets one's attention, occasionally at the expense of the group. Miles Davis plays with such decision and conviction that I find myself wondering momentarily whether his whole approach isn't *too* carefully prepared. Despite this occasional misgiving, he exposes so much of his feeling for jazz in each

phrase that one can only be left with the conviction that he is a more than normally perceptive performer.

In one of his small band albums released last year, **Seven Steps to Heaven** (CBS), he makes use of two blues themes, reconstructing each with care and consideration for the theme in a way which seems to come much harder to his disciples and imitators. Another aspect of Miles' work can be heard in **Quiet Nights** (CBS), where he is backed by the big band with arrangements by Gil Evans. This writing breaks new ground in terms of jazz orchestral sound, but is apt to make too sombre and sad a background for that versatile and eloquent horn. In the same way that he resists people who want to write about his music—"It speaks for itself"—he resists the wishes of his record company to push him into the studio when he has nothing new to say. Like the bottling of a new vintage wine, he pre-

fers to wait until something has been formulated and fermented in his fertile mind. For this, as much as for his music, I admire him.

Donald Byrd, recently the star guest at Ronnie Scott's club in London, leans occasionally on Davis in his own trumpet playing, but the interesting aspect of his latest album, **A New Perspective** (Blue Note), is the use of a choral group as an integral part of the music. There is nothing novel about such a relationship, but the way the two parts are interlinked through the skilful writing of Duke Pearson opens new fields for exploration.

Twenty years ago anyone could have sold clarinetist Pee Wee Russell as an eccentric Dixieland fad. Today he is established and recognized as one of the timeless masters of his art, which he has been for a long while. **New Groove** (CBS) features his quartet which I heard at a private party in New York, and it leaves me agog at his versatile simplicity. Instead of the conventional group, he has Marshall Brown on valve trombone to make the front line, with bass and drums in support. Their rapport is

something to make even the die-hards sit up and listen. The music varies from a straightforward 12-bar blues to the subtle thrust and parry of pieces like *Good Bait* and *Red Planet*, the latter being a Coltrane original.

Though both this album and **Pee Wee Russell plays Pee Wee Russell** (World Record Club) both appear to belong to the relatively primitive school of jazz expounded by the traditionalists, it will quickly be apparent to the keen listener that the musicians are all reaching far beyond these arbitrary confines, and casting aside many restrictions which might have been a natural inheritance from early forms. The second album, which boasts some exciting piano work by Nat Pierce, also marks the debut of Pee Wee as a composer, with *Muskogee Blues* and *Pee Wee's Song*.

It is fair to say that Davis and Russell, though poles apart in many aspects of their music, have the strong common denominator that they know how and what they want to play, and that the end product will almost invariably be jazz of the highest order.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Mastery and magic

Several major exhibitions of German painting during the past decade have made us familiar at first hand with the work of the members of the Blue Rider (*Der Blaue Reiter*) group. Now the Hamilton Galleries, of St. George Street, Mayfair, have an exhibition called **The Blue Four** (*Die Blaue Vier*). Who are the Blue Four? None other than our old friends the Blue Riders Klee, Feininger and Kandinsky, and the *ex officio* Blue Rider Jawlensky. They got together as the Blue Four in 1924 for the purpose of exhibiting as a group in Germany and America. At that time the Swiss Paul Klee, the American Lyonel Feininger and the Russian Wassily Kandinsky were all professors at the famous Bauhaus in Weimar.

In fact, few of the pictures in the exhibition date from the short period of the group's existence. The 15 works by Klee, mostly of small format but all of excellent quality, range from 1919 to 1939 and reveal him in many moods—poetic, whimsical, satirical, enigmatic, mystical. Most are

in watercolours, a medium that he handled with both mastery and magic in pictures as different as the surrealist *Air and Waterbirds* (one of his series called *The Twittering Machine*) and the landscape *House on the Dunes*. The last of three works dated 1939 is an anti-Hitlerite caricature satirizing the Fuehrer's prelude-to-war slogan: "Now everyone will have enough to eat!"

Kandinsky is represented by two good watercolour abstractions of 1927 and 1931 and Feininger by one done in Germany in 1927 and two done after his return to America in 1937. Of four Jawlenskys none is from the Blue Four days. The first is a powerful and colourful *Portrait of a Woman* (1910). The second, a landscape of the same year, shows him moving towards the abstraction of the last two, *Autumn Comes and Variation*, painted in 1910, probably under the influence of Kandinsky.

Four other important figures in the history of modern German painting, Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein and Kokoschka are represented in the very impres-

sive exhibition, *Aspects of Twentieth Century Art*, mounted by Marlborough Fine Art at both their Bond Street galleries.

Perhaps the best way for me to convey quickly an idea of the quality of this show is to list some of the artists represented. At 17-18 Old Bond Street: Ben Nicholson, Sidney Nolan, Victor Pasmore, Ceri Richards, John Piper, Lynn Chadwick, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Jacques Lipchitz and Fritz Wotruba. At 39 Old Bond Street: Moore, Bacon, Sutherland, Ernst, Arp, Braque, Van Dongen, Soutine, Mondrian, Malevich, Baumeister and Kokoschka.

In almost every case those masters whose names are already in the history books are represented by first-class works. The Soutine is an outstandingly good still-life of fish, eggs and lemons (c. 1923). The Malevich is a curious, *faux-naïf* picture, *Dancing Couple* (1905). The Kokoschka is an even more curious and outsize still-life "with putto, rabbit and cat" (1914), and the Van Dongen is a delightful, lighthearted piece, *Le Hussard* (1906).

Even in this sort of company, however, the works of Graham Sutherland and (for very different reasons) Francis Bacon stand out. Of two big canvases

by Sutherland one is a very recent picture, *La Fontaine*, which suggests that this artist's next one-man show will excite his admirers anew (and excite many a new admirer) while silencing those of his critics not already won over by the exhibition (now at the Herbert Art Gallery, Coventry) of his designs for the Coventry tapestry.

La Fontaine is a very beautiful decorative work, almost symmetrical in form, and painted in rich blues, greens and black. The design is based on a front view of a simple Provencal fountain in the same way as several earlier, but less successful, works were based on a set of weighing scales.

Francis Bacon is showing a big "triptych," *Three Studies for a Portrait of Lucien Freud*, painted this year. It has all the familiar Baconian elements three times over, which makes it three times as repulsive, three times as compelling, three times as beautiful and three times whatever it is you usually feel about his mangled-faced, deformed-limbed figures in their padded cells. Yet I found myself wondering whether the trick isn't beginning to pall and whether or not Mr. Bacon is in danger of going the way of the horror-film producers who now provoke only laughter.

Helen Burke / A question of salt

DINING IN

If anyone says that your plainly boiled potatoes are the best flavoured ever tasted, whether or not you realize it you have the secret of perfectly seasoned potatoes and of how to cook them. There is no better way of cooking potatoes than boiling, rolling in a little barely melted butter and sprinkling with chopped chives. There are many ways of cooking potatoes but they always need sufficient salt. This simple fact is often overlooked.

Because they tend to reject flavour, potatoes need more salt than most people think. Greens, on the other hand, seem to need less because they have a certain salt content of their own. Make this test for yourself: boil potatoes and greens separately, each without salt. For most of us, neither will be all that palatable but, while the potatoes will have little taste, the greens will at least be tolerable.

The lesson is, with potatoes be generous with salt.

Cold potatoes, especially little new ones, cooked in salted water, are so good that one may not even turn them in a dressing: once they are cooked, they are very shy of accepting other flavour. That is why I always make **POTATO SALAD** by slicing hot potatoes into the dressing so that they will "drink" it up. Let them get cold and they will reject it. In my early days of attending lecture-demonstrations by leading London chefs, I remember one man showing us this very thing. He had cold potatoes and newly boiled ones—both waxy types which are best for salads. The cold ones were impervious to the dressing, the hot ones absorbed it.

I am sometimes asked for a recipe for **POMMES SOUFFLÉES**: the recipe is one thing, the execution quite another. Not every slice becomes the desired

elongated light-as-a-feather puff; even experts waste a few from a batch.

Peel smallish potatoes and square them off so that they will slice into equal sizes. Cut a small triangle off each corner, then cut them into uniform slices barely $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. If you have a mandolin, this is easy. Drop them into iced water for 10 minutes, then drain and dry each slice in a linen cloth.

Heat deep fat or oil to about 275° F. and drop in the thoroughly dry potatoes a few at a time. When they rise to the surface, remove and drain. Raise the temperature of the fat or oil to 450° F. and return the potatoes to it, a few at a time, when they will expand into small cushions. As soon as they are golden (a quick process) remove with a skimmer and drain on a stretched linen cloth. In the home there need be no waste. Even if some of the slices do not puff out as desired, they remain edible.

Of the many ways in which Duchesse potatoes are used, one which has always appealed to me is **POMMES CROQUETTES AMANDINE**. The following amounts will make approxi-

mately 18 croquettes.

Boil $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of peeled mature potatoes until almost done. Drain, dry over a low heat, press through a sieve and turn them into a saucepan over a low heat adding a pinch of grated nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, and just under an ounce of butter. Remove from heat and leave to cool a little. Add 2 well-beaten egg yolks, and set the mixture aside to become cool enough to handle. If the mixture has to be left until it is cold, spread a little butter on top to prevent a skin forming. Shape the mixture into $1\frac{1}{2}$ - to 2-in. corks or balls. Beat together a whole egg, a teaspoon of vegetable oil, salt and pepper to taste. Roll the croquettes in sifted plain flour and then in the egg mixture. Make sure that they are well coated, and finally roll them in not-too-finely-chopped blanched almonds and gently pat them in so that they will "stay put" in the hot oil. Drop the croquettes, a few at a time, into hot oil (370° to 375° F.) and leave them long enough to be nicely browned. Lift out and drain them on an absorbent kitchen paper.

MOTORING

Many motorists long to be different, to own a car that is distinctive, not readily identifiable as a such-and-such model of a so-and-so. In these days of mass production it is difficult to find, which is why there will always be a demand for specials made in limited quantities, virtually hand built as to the body by comparatively small companies dotted about the country, yet powered by engines from big manufacturers with transmissions to match. One such car has recently given me pleasure—the Elva Courier, built by Trojan Ltd. at its works in Purley Way, Croydon. The name Elva derives from the French: *Elle Va*; and she really *does* go. Racing enthusiasts know this, Elvas are well established in some branches of the sport.

The Courier is the first Elva intended primarily as a road-going car, but it retains the flavour of a racer. At low speeds, for example, the ultra precise rack-and-pinion steering (the design most favoured by the sports fraternity) telegraphs to the driver every movement of the front wheels, while at open road or motorway pace the car runs true as an arrow. The

steering column is adjustable to suit most drivers and the wheel itself is either of safety pattern, which collapses on impact, or wood rim racing type.

The buyer can choose from two very potent engines at prices not widely separated. One is the 1,798 c.c. four-cylinder, twin S.U. downdraft carburettor MG.B with 8.8 to 1 compression ratio, which develops 98 b.h.p. at 5,400 r.p.m. and the other the 122.E Ford Cortina of 1,498 c.c., with 9 to 1 compression ratio and a power output of 83.5 b.h.p. at 5,200 r.p.m., using a single Weber carburettor. Both are well known for excellent performance, and with either the car will exceed 100 m.p.h.—the model I tested had a tuned MG.B engine and would run up to close on 120 m.p.h.

The pleasure of driving a two-seater of this kind can be marred by thoughtlessly-laid-out seating, unsuited to really fast motoring. On the Elva, however, access is easy through wide opening doors, while form-fitting bucket seats hold one in a position that is relaxed yet leaves all the controls on the functional fascia panel within comfortable reach—they are

well laid out in direct line of vision—and both wings in full view. My only criticism concerns the pedals, particularly the accelerator, which is offset rather far to the right. Behind the seats is a good sized space which can be used to augment the somewhat restricted luggage boot. An advantage with output in smallish numbers is that the maker of a special car like the Elva can afford to offer a wide choice of equipment in his specification, tailoring it to each customer's personal requirements and without upsetting, as in a big factory, a highly automated assembly line. Thus, if the buyer has his eye on an occasional spot of racing, he can order an oil cooling radiator and cast alloy or wire wheels. He can likewise broaden his choice still further by having his engine in various stages of tune; the car I tested had a well-hotted unit.

One naturally has to pay for this kind of performance, and not only in purchase money, for there was a certain intractability in town driving, and fuel consumption was not as economical as it would have been with less "souping-up." The bodywork remains the

same whatever engine one may choose, with the proviso that there is an open two-seater or enclosed coupé to select (the purchase-tax-paid price of the former is £954 16s. 10d. with Ford Cortina engine and £999 17s. 1d. with MG.B, and £1,064 16s. and £1,079 6s. respectively for the coupé, all to what may be termed "standard" specification). The body is glass fibre bonded to the chassis frame to give the equivalent of unit construction, free from corrosion and rust. The windscreen is in laminated glass, the side windows wind up and down on both the coupé and two-seater; the latter has all-weather equipment which folds away behind the front seats; P.V.C. is used for the upholstery. A short, quick-change gearlever is positioned a few inches from the steering wheel, and the instruments include a rev. counter. Trojans say they do not expect the "50 m.p.h." motorist to go for an Elva Courier—their slogan is, in fact, "life begins at 80"—and personally I would only recommend it to experienced drivers.

The interior of the two-seater Elva Courier



ROSE GROWING

Floribunda roses, which have pushed the earlier polyanthas into the background or beyond, owe their popularity to the fact that they kill two birds with one stone by providing a maximum amount of bright colour on easy-to-grow terms. Their blooms, usually borne in large clusters, produce a colour effect that lasts from June until November. This long season is their chief advantage, especially in a small garden.

The real difficulty about floribundas lies in choosing from the many varieties. Some new introductions get sunk without a trace, but most stay in commerce long enough to make this list of varieties increasingly bewildering and extensive. Vigour of growth and good foliage are two points to bear in mind. In order to be sure of this, it is necessary to see them—as indeed with all roses—grown under garden conditions. Scent may be an important consideration, and certainly the rose's ability to keep its colour is. Some of the yellows fade easily, but *Allgold* is an ideal specimen.

Irene of Denmark is a delightful white and flowers early, but the best white floribunda to date is surely *Iceberg*, with its well-formed, snowy white flowers growing in large trusses on sturdy branches with clean, shiny foliage. White floribundas, for some reason, seem to lag behind the rest, and will probably never be generally popular.

Toni Lander (illustrated) is a rich coppery tangerine, and the blooms are borne on long stems. *Manx Queen*, a recent introduction, is one of the more distinctive in this copper-orange-peach section. There is a tremendous choice among the reds, but *Europeana*, last year's introduction, is outstandingly good, with rich double flowers of velvety crimson borne in large trusses. The trouble with the reds is that many lack this individuality of character, making for monotony and repetition.

The Toni Lander rose, a rich coppery tangerine variety of floribunda, described by Geoffrey S. Fletcher



Classified advertisements

Rates: 1/- a word (minimum charge 15/-) Box number 1/6. Semi-display, £4 per column inch. Series discount: 5% for 6, 12% for 13 insertions. Special terms for T/C on request. Please write advertisement in block letters and send with remittance to Tatler (Classified Advertisements), 13-15 John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2 (TRA 7020). Cheques & payable to Illustrated Newspapers Ltd.

PERSONAL

POEMS WANTED. Send Sample(s) without obligation enclosing S.A.E. to: Dept. TD, Acanadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland.

GENEALOGICAL. Family history and Heraldic research and artwork. Achievements Ltd., 13 Northgate, Canterbury, Kent.

LEARN BRIDGE in a happy atmosphere. Personal tuition at home or in class. Mrs. C. BALMER, FRE 8836.

JOIN YOUR FRIENDS as a temporary secretary through STELLA FISHER BUREAU in the Strand.

VISITORS TO LOVELY WYE VALLEY will be rewarded by discovery of 'The Little Shop in New Street, Ross-on-Wye. Fascinating weaving studio, unique gift shop. P. & S. de la cheriois CROMMELIN.

CONFIDENTIALITY—Highest prices for unwanted jewellery. Post or phone—Resners' Diamond House, Hatton Garden. HOLBORN 2231.

ADRIAN FURS & FASHIONS, 40 North Street, Brighton, Sussex. Phone 22737. Highly recommended buyers of Mink, Sable and all good furs, Ladies modern clothing 'as new', etc. Highest prices paid. Postage refunded. Post (register please) in confidence. Bankers: Barclays.

SAVILLE ROW CLOTHES. Cancelled export orders direct from eminent tailors Benson & Clegg, P. G. Anderson, Huntsman, etc. Suits, overcoats from 10 gns. Ladies' Hunting and Riding Coats, Breaches, etc. REGENT DRESS CO. (2nd Floor lift), 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1. HYDE Park 7193.

PERSONAL

HUMAN HAIR wanted. 10 inches minimum. Cash by return. Ross, 51 Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

SECRETARIES AND COLLEGE LEAVERS—your desire to find an interesting and absorbing job will be given personal attention at The Mary Kay Bureau, 166A Sloane Street, S.W.1. BELGRAVIA 6121.

LEARN FLOWER ARRANGING the Constance Spry way through specially prepared home-study Courses. Full details from Institute of Domestic Arts, Dept.620, Parkgate Road, London, S.W.11.

ANTIQUE ENGAGEMENT RINGS AND DRESS RINGS combine distinction and quality with good value at Green's Antique Galleries, 117 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Open all day Saturdays.

ALL YOUR MORTGAGE PROBLEMS can be solved by consulting Hetherington, Shave & Strudwick Limited, 51 Minories, London, E.C.3. ROYAL 5383.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES, £50 to £10,000. No security. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Cliford Street, New Bond Street, W.1. Telephones REG 5983 and REG 2914.

INCHBALD SCHOOL OF DESIGN. Ten-week concentrated lecture courses in Interior Design (classical and modern) architecture, furniture, antiques. Also practical design classes. Next course begins 5th October, 1984. SUMMER COURSE. Flower arrangement. Weekly afternoon practical lectures have been arranged from 10th August and 7th September. Fee 10 gns. Applications to 10 Milner Street, S.W.3. KNIGHTSBRIDGE 0568.

PERSONAL

FANCY DRESS COSTUMES FOR HIRE, Bermans, the Film and Theatrical Costumiers. Specialising in Fancy Dresses for children. Terms on application Department T.B.89.

M. BERMAN LTD., 18 Irving Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

COINS WANTED. All cased gold and silver sets of these dates 1825, 1831, 1853, 1887, 1893, 1902, 1911, 1927, 1937, 1950, 1951, 1953 (leather case). Also Maundy Sets especially those dated between 1951 to 1964. 5/- pieces of 1927 to 1936 (not 1935). Tip top prices paid. Write with S.A.E., 289 London Road, Greenhithe, Kent, or alternatively telephone Greenhithe 2005.

MASSAGE TREATMENT—visiting only. MR. BARKER, phone 8 a.m.-2 p.m. TERMINUS 1451.

ENJOY WRITING? Then write for Profit. Send for "Writers Handbook" (free) detailing countless opportunities for beginner or experienced. Writer's Ring (T), Temple Courts, 51 Temple Row, Birmingham 2.

ATTRACTIVELY DESIGNED slimmer in Latex Rubber and Patent Leather Rainwear. For brochure write to NATURAL RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 7, 6 Middleton Buildings, Langham Street, London, W.1. Tel. MUSEUM 6089. Callers welcome.

DEANS CONTINENTAL BLINDS add gaiety and colour to your home. Deans of Putney, PUT 2533.

£100 MIN. PRICE PAID for Antique COLT Revolver weighing over 4 lb. All old COLTS and similar revolvers. Dueling pistols, Muskets, Rifles, Cannon, etc. bought at the highest prices. Kesterton, Townsend Street, Cheltenham. Phone 25882.

PERSONAL

CONSULT A MY—at 17 Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, S.W.3, for comprehensive and economical LINENS FOR YOUR HOME.

SELL TO CORNELL, Jewellers in Maidstone since 1796, enthusiastic buyers of all jewellery, modern or Victorian, household silver and plate. Will call anywhere and make immediate attractive offer. G. Cornell & Sons Ltd., 12-14 Gabriel's Hill, Maidstone. Tel. 3150.

SAVE 7/- IN THE £ on stocking bills! Best brands, perfects. Free shade card, etc. from Nylons Unlimited, Dept. T., Bath.

FREE—"Know-How Guide to Writing Success". Full details of No Sales—No Fees training. Free "Writer" subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias; B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 4176.

PRIORITY LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING. IBM Executive reproduction a speciality; 24-hour service; own messenger collects and delivers; top quality for top clients. Thorpe Group Services, 53 Victoria Street, S.W.1. SUL 5068.

Only

NITA MILLER

offer a wide selection of
TABLE LAMPS
and create elegant shades
for them in three days

Nita Miller, 61A Grosvenor Street, W.1 Mayfair 0951

PERSONAL

CUSTOM-MADE FURNITURE for all purposes by members of the CRAFTSMEN FURNITURE MAKERS' ASSOCIATION. Enquiries to 35 Camp Road, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

HAND KNITTING by Disabled Workers from your wool and patterns. They will also make a year your own knitting. Please send s.a.o. for price list. HOMEBOUND CRAFTSMEN, 25s Holland Street, Kensington, W.8. (WES 3924.)

LOST! One earring!

FOUND! Jewellery craftsmen who will replace that odd earring or dress ring exactly to pattern. Jewellery repairs of all types. Call, or send by registered post, for free estimate. Hillwoods Jewellers Ltd., 148 Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex. ED9 5067.

OIL PAINTINGS wanted of all periods. Single pictures or collections. COULTER GALLERIES, 92 Tadenast Road, York. Phone 08537.

COIN AND MEDAL SPECIALISTS. Collections and rare pieces wanted. Catalogue of English Coins 14/9 including postage. Bulletin 14/9, B. A. 55/49 L.P.D., 46 Great Portland Street, London, W.1. Telephone LANgham 3677.

SHARE-A-FLAT Ltd., 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD 2545. The right flat or the right person.

SMALL WOMEN'S SHOES stocked. From size 1. Popular prices. A. WEINTROP, 71 Berwick Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Also special size nylons 7½ and 8 at 4/11. 15 denier.

HEATHER JENNER MARRIAGE BUREAU, 124 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 9634. Advice Bureau Incorporated.

"... held up on the by-pass and only arriving in time to see Geoffrey leading in the winner. After losing on it all the season, here it comes in at 100-6 and I missed it..." Geoffrey led me up with champagne, fortunately it was MUMM...

MUMM champagne for life's celebratory occasions. Cordon Rouge Extra Dry; or Cordon Vert Rich.

LONDON CLUB has vacancies for town and country members. Moderate subscription. Swimming pool, squash courts, cocktail lounges, restaurant—wine, food and service of the highest standard. Accommodation with private bath. Apply SECRETARY, WHITE HOUSE CLUB, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Tel. EUSon 1200. Extension 74.

ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPES. Illustrated Brochure from actual maker. Charles Frank, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

RENT FREE HOLIDAYS! Write for details HOLIDAY HOMEXCHANGE LTD., FS. 4 Blenheim Street, London, W.1.

WHY PAY MORE Estate Duty than you need. You can leave more to your heirs and have a greater income in your lifetime. Write H. Clarkson (Life & Pensions) Ltd. (Ref. T/6). Ilex House, Minster, London, E.C.3.

INTERIOR DECORATING

INTERIOR DESIGNER undertakes planning, conversions, colour schemes and choice of furniture and accessories for houses, flats, etc. Part or complete supervised service. MARY HILTON LTD., 8 Montague News South, London, W.1. AMB. 7052.

SWIMMING POOLS

In the swim with AQUASKIM

compact portable purification equipment which skims, filters, chlorinates and suction-sweeps. Designed to keep your swimming pool hygienic and crystal clear. No installation problems. Additional model especially for above-ground pools. Aquaskim Ltd., Ryefield Crescent, Northwood Hills, Northwood, Middlesex.

SWIMMING POOL OWNERS—and cleaning worries without expense and effort. The Pool-Vac makes a clean sweep without emptying the pool. Write for leaflet: Pool-Vac Ltd., Dept. D, Dukes Ride, Crowthorne, Berkshire.

SHOPPING BY POST

EXQUISITE SHAWLS. Christening or invalid. Handknitted. Selection on approval. From 55/-, Brenda Horne, Halkirk, Caithness.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. Excellent selection Domestic Staff; Cook-generals, Cook-housekeepers, Mother's Helps, Married Couples, Gardeners, etc.; also Children's Nannies and Governesses for positions throughout England. Under distinguished patronage. Immediate attention assured. SLOUGH EMPLOYMENT AGENCY, 30-32 William Street, Slough, Tel. 2414 (4 lines). Established 1948. (Hotel staff also supplied throughout England).

TAILORING

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, your own material hand cut and beautifully tailored for only £7/10/-. Send for style chart and self-measure form. Also D.B. dinner jackets remade into S.B. Shawl Collar. CRAIG AND SMITH, 28 St. Enoch Square, Glasgow, C.1.

DRESSMAKING

CHINESE COUTURE. Oriental Fashions. Miss K. Sung, 1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.1. KNIGHTSbridge 5953. Made to measure, ready to wear, clients' own material made up.

MAKE YOURSELF "COUTURE" CLOTHES at fractional cost of buying ready-made. Easy, learn-at-home courses in Dressmaking. Write to Mary Forbes, Institute of Domestic Arts, Dept. 760, Parkgate Road, London, S.W.11.

DRESS AGENCIES

WE BUY GOOD MODERN LADIES' WEAR: coats, dresses, suits; large sizes particularly required. Also furs and sheepskin coats. Cash paid, post refunded. R. DAVIS, 40 North Street, Brighton, Sussex. (Previously Central Buying Depot. Will past clients please note change of name, although management remains the same. Established over 21 years this address).

VOGUE, BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS, will accept summer wear until 15th July; winter wear after 14th September. Post Parcels for offer. 59 Kensington Church Street, W.8. WES 3291.

PHYLLIS KAY, 35A Thayer St., W.1. Buys and sells gowns, suits, etc., from well-known model houses and haute couture. Hunter 2658.

FURS

ARE YOU SELLING OR BUYING a fur coat? We make fair cash offers and we sell near-new furs. Inquiries invited. D. CURRY, Dept. T, 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1.

FURS. Special Summer Clearance of Mink, etc. Think of a bargain and the chances are you will find it at REMA FURS, 18 Hanover Street, W.1. MAYfair 9568.

CECILE, LEOPARD AND MINK. A fabulous selection of these and other precious furs in many lovely styles; also made to order at reasonable prices. Personal attention of master furrier HENRY NOBLE. Part exchanges, terms. All day Saturday. REGent 6394.

NOBLE FURS, 183 Regent Street, W.1.

SUCH SENSIBLE PRICES—Fair dealing trustworthy Furriers. Established 30 years. New furs of originality and distinction. Your furs part-exchanged or imaginatively and inexpensively remodelled—WILLIAMS & HUTCHINS, 8 Hanover Square, W.1. MAYfair 3912-4110.

FUR HIRE

HIRE AN ELEGANT FUR for home or abroad, including all mink mutation colours. Special terms for long periods arranged for overseas visitors. No deposit. Confidential service. Full insurance cover. Brochure sent on request. All our furs are for sale.

THENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS LTD., 10 PRINCE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 3711.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE with complete details of colours, sizes and hiring rates (from 3 guineas upwards) enables you to HIRE A MINK stole, bolero or jacket with confidence, no matter which part of the country you're in. Send for it now. JOHN KAY, 67 ST. JOHNS WOOD HIGH STREET, LONDON, N.W.8. PRIMrose 6804. DAY or EVENING.

HOTELS

ASHLEY COURTENAY

RECOMMENDS

ABERDOVEY, WALES.

TREFEDIAN HOTEL. A family run hotel overlooking golf links, and sandy beach. Cocktail Bar. Games Room. Garage. Brochure with pleasure. Tel. 213.

NR. ABINGDON, BERKS.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, BURCOTE-ON-THAMES. Peaceful relaxation in comfortable surroundings with good food and wines. Cocktail Bar. Private baths. Central heating. Electric blankets. Tennis. Fishing. Close Oxford. Clifton Hampden 232.

AMBERLEY, GLOS.

MOOR COURT HOTEL has great appeal to Cotswold country house and garden lovers. Farm Produce. Golf Links adjoining. Licensed. Tel. 2283.

BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS.

ARNCOTT HALL HOTEL. Friendly and family run. Generous, homely catering. Modern bedroom comfort. Private baths. T.V. Lift. Quiet garden. Ample parking. Tel. Westbourne 63050.

BOURNEMOUTH, WEST.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL. In a key position for sea, shops and shows and with moderate terms. Private baths, lift, delightful Garden, Hard Tennis Courts, Billiards, Games Room and Ballroom. Lock-up Garages. Tel. Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH.

LINDEN HALL HOTEL caters for every member of the family, whatever the months. Superb indoor heated swimming pool and squash courts (resident instructors). Billiards, Ballroom, Games room, Tennis. 120 bedrooms, suites, private bathrooms. Conference Secretaries note. Tel. 35353.

GLOS., TETBURY.

HARE & HOUNDS, WESTONBIRT. A rather special Cotswolds hotel. Tennis, Squash, Golf, Near Wild Powl Trust. Suitable small conferences. Tel. 233.

LONDON, N.W.4.

HENDON HALL. A first class hotel within 20 minutes of West End. Fully licensed Private baths and suites. Two private suites available fully furnished, adjoining the Hotel. Golf Club close by. Sunnyside 3341.

LONDON, W.2.

LEINSTER COURT, LEINSTER GARDENS. A quiet friendly hotel for overseas provincial and business visitors. Close Hyde Park and Oxford Street. Paddington 6088.

LYTHAM, LANCs.

CLIFTON ARMS. A sea-front hotel in the luxury class. Grill room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine service. Private baths. First class golf. Tel. 6245.

SALCOMBE, S. DEVON.

TIDES REACH HOTEL. *** Rosette for outstanding food and wine. Private baths, balconies, safe parking, boating, fishing. Adults only. Tel. 2888.

SHILLINGFORD, OXON.

SHILLINGFORD BRIDGE HOTEL. A charming Thames-side landmark. Ideal for family holidays and week-ends. Private moorings. Swimming pool and squash court. Food and Wine of distinction. Warborough 387.

SIDMOUTH, DEVON.

THE BELMONT HOTEL, first class, four star, and fully licensed, announces that some rooms—with or without private bathroom—are available until the end of August. Tel. Sidmouth 1555.

TORQUAY, DEVON.

THE GRAND HOTEL. Facing South and overlooking Torbay. Dancing, Golf, Tennis, Squash, Bathing, Yachting, Sea Fishing. Tel. 25234. Always a Good Address.

800 others are fully described in the current (31st) edition of LET'S HALT AWHILE 15/- from your bookshop—or from Ashley Courtenay, Little London, Chichester, Sussex. It's a gift at the price!!!

SUSSEX.

Luxurious Country House in own beautiful grounds. Swimming pool. Log fires. Continental cuisine. Diets observed. Good walking and riding country. Licensed. Woodend House, West Stoke, Chichester. West Ashling 268.

HOTELS

COMFORT PERSONIFIED AT TORQUAY'S NEWEST MEDIUM SIZE LUXURY HOTEL. A la Carte Cuisine and finest Wines. Terms reasonable. Colour brochure on request. ASTRA HOUSE. Tel. 27612/3.

LAZY LUXURY! Excellent Eating! Splendid Service. Guaranteed at the GEORGE HOTEL, Yarmouth, I.O.W. Tel. 331. Overlooking the Solent.

NR. IPSWICH. Suffolk. BELSTEAD BROOK, a small Manor House of style and comfort. Good food and wine. 20 acres of grounds. Tennis. Tel. Ipswich 62380. Ashley Courtenay recommended.

TORQUAY. ELMINGTON HOTEL, Facing sea, three minutes Promenade, Games, Billiards, T.V. First-class food and service, garages, parking. Brochure. Tel. 65192.

THE SHELBOURNE

In the West and Best end of

DUBLIN

is the choice of the discriminating

Telephone: 66471

MARINE HOTEL

SALCOMBE, S. DEVON,

for the

Complete Holiday De Luxe

Tel. 2251.

TRAVEL

MENTON. Hotel de Venise, Central select. Beautiful gardens. Menton's best appointed Hotel, 170 rooms, 120 bathrooms. A. SOMAZZI.

PORTUGAL

The finest sun strip in Europe—the ALGARVE in Southern Portugal. Good hotels; excellent sea bathing. For your Autumn holiday. Ask us—we live there!

INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL SERVICES LTD. Seven Haymarket London, S.W.1. Tel: WH 5551/6.

BINOCULARS

ROSS BINOCULARS. The new 16mm centric focus model complete with case, offered at £32 8s. 8d. and only 5 days free trial. Write Charles Frank Ltd., Saltmarket, Glasgow.

CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

RESTORATION AND CONSERVATION of the ANTIQUE. Bronzes, ceramics, enamels, ivories, tortoiseshell, mother of pearl, objects d'art, etc. G. GARBE, 23 Charlotte Street, London, W.1. MUSEum 1268. Founded 1870.

PORTRAITS

YOUR PORTRAIT painted from photo. Canvas 20 x 18, framed, £30. Baldwin Smith, A.R.C.A., Kenwin Studio, 11, Shelford, Cambs.

CONVALESCENT AND NURSING HOMES

COMFORTABLE HOME FOR THE ELDERLY, newly opened, full central heating, qualified nursing staff. Write for brochure: Hays Residential Home for the Elderly, Sedgely, Shaftesbury, Dorset.

DRY CLEANING

SUEDECLEAN LTD. Experienced Suede, Leather and Sheepskin Cleaners. 3 day EXPRESS (5 day Postal Service). Dept. H., 30 Baker Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 1967; 67 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

SUEDE CLEANING

Suede Coats, Shoes, Sheepskin Coats, Gloves expertly cleaned.

Smooth leather garments also a speciality. Send to:

SUEDECRAFT (LIVERPOOL) LTD. HAWTHORNE ROAD, LITTLERLAND, LIVERPOOL 20. Phone: Bootle 3974

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 6d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; nor—hired to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial material whatsoever.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Sun Printers Ltd., Watford and London and published by Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., Ingram House, 13-15 John Adair Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2. August 5, 1984. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © 1984 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD.—ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

REMOVALS

ARMY & NAVY STORES, Westminster, S.W.1, for reliable removals (home and overseas), warehouse, furniture depositors; excellent storage. Estimates free. CHSWick 8446 (VICTORIA 1234).

ENTERTAINMENT

TIM CLAYTON ORCHESTRAS for your hall or private dance. 47 Montpelier Walk, S.W.7. KNI 1916.

PIET TOVENAAR, London's outstanding children's entertainer. Conjuring, ventriloquism. Punch & Judy, puppets. Any distance. 17B Ballard Lane, N.3. FIN 8624.

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT BUREAU, W.1. Widest choice of experienced entertainers for private parties. Brochures. MAYfair 2065.

PUNCH & JUDY, MAGIC, Puppets, Ventriloquism for Children of all ages. Tom Kemp. HAMpstead 2688.

BOBBY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA for your Hunt Ball, Private Dance, etc. 12 Clarence Gate Gardens, Baker Street, N.W.1. AMB 4639, or Savoy Orpheans Ltd. TEM 4943.

BILL SAVILL, will be pleased to arrange an Orchestra of any size for your Private or Anniversary Dance, etc. 7 Windmill Hill, Ruislip, Middlesex. RUISlip 6812.

JOHN MARTIN PRESENTS magic, fun and balloon modelling for children of all ages. Refined entertainment. Brochure. GLAdstone 0855.

FOR THE EPICURE

SALARAD MAYONNAISE. Fresh lemon juice added. For salads, sauces and sandwiches.

PHASANTs, luscious hand-reared, festively the last opportunity to book these tender, fat pheasants from the famous ICKWORTH Shoot. Send cash with order NOW, 17/- single birds, 32/- per brace. Do not delay, supplies very short this year. Bristol Estates Office, 113a Northgate Street, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

PRIVATE PARTY CATERING

HUNT BALLS, Weddings, Charity and Private dances. **FOSTERS ROOMS**, 1617 Small Street, Bristol, 1. Tel. 24644.

WEDDING DANCES and other receptions (in town or country) become a memorable success with Harrods expert catering. Details from Harrods Hire & Catering Service, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, or St. Olave 12, extension 865.

ELEGANT PERSONAL SERVICE CATERING for your Wedding, Birthday, Dance or Cocktail Party. Your problems smoothed away by experts. Just telephone **WAKEFORD & MATTHEW**, 17, Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FREmantle 6745.

RESTAURANTS

THE WITNES INN, Compton, nr. Guildford, so well known for their cold table, are happy to serve luncheon in the garden, weather permitting. Open for lunch and dinner 7 days a week. Reservations Godalming 1158.

HOLLYHOCKS, BRAMLEY, on the A133 (Guildford to Horsham) road. Newly opened. First-class cuisine. Fully licensed. Luncheon and Dinner every day except Mondays. Good parking facilities. Bramley 3076.

LOTUS HOUSE, 61-69 Edgware Road, W.2 (AMB 410/4341). London's latest Chinese Restaurant. Open noon to 2 a.m. inc. Sundays. Fully licensed. Music and Dancing.

Deliciously French!

Le Petit Montmartre

Excellent wines, good cuisine, gay decor and the gentle guitar.

Res: WEL. 2992 and WEL. 2482

15 Marylebone Lane, Wigmore St. W.1

Open to 12.30 a.m. (last orders 11.15 p.m.)

SUNDAY 6.30 to 11.30 p.m. Lunch Mon-Fri

EDUCATIONAL

DAUGHTER LEAVING SCHOOL?

WHAT NEXT?

Finishing School? Domestic Science? Secretarial? Family abroad?

Consult:

THE GABBITS-THRING EDUCATIONAL TRUST

6-8 Sackville St., London, W.1. REG 0161 who will advise without charge.

ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS

2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3

Tel. HAMpstead 9831.

Principal: J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.)

Variety of courses for a secretarial career available to English and foreign girls.

Next term begins 9th September, 1964.

DAVID TALBOT RICE for schools and families here and abroad. 19 Ovington Gardens, London, S.W.3. KNI 1619.

RESIDENTIAL SECRETARIAL AND LANGUAGE COURSES. G.C.E.

examinations all levels, sports facilities, delightful country near London. Apply: The Principal, Paddock Wood Finishing School, Lightwater, Surrey. Telephone: Bagshot 3252.

The Language Tuition Centre's SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

offers Diploma Courses (a) in combined secretarial and foreign language training (b) for the training of Bilingual Secretaries and Interpreter-Translators. Full information from the Principal:

26-32 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Tel: LAngham 1005 & 8005

OXFORD AND COUNTY SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

34 St. Giles, Oxford.

Tel. 55666.

Comprehensive secretarial training, including English and French short hand, typewriting, book-keeping and languages. Prospectus on application.

AIGLON COLLEGE, Chêseres-Villars, Switzerland.

English School of 150 boys.

Senior School 13 to 18, Preparatory School 10 to 13. First-class character and medical certificates required. Particulars from Headmaster, John Corlette, M.A. (Oxon), or from The Gabbits-Thring Educational Trust, 6-8 Sackville Street, London, W.1. Tel. REGent 0161.

TELEVISION, FILM COURSES

Announcing, Commentating, Interviewing, Advertising, Acting, Singing, Modern Musicals, Opera. Guignard Vodrasion, 10 Monmouth Road, W.2.

WHEN ONLY THE BEST will do give her a COURSE IN MODELLING or BEAUTY AND GROOMING at the London Academy of Modelling, Bear Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. REGent 5231.

LANGHAM SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.

MAYfair 2904/5

Well-paid posts at home and abroad are offered to students at the end of a one-year training. Higher Diploma course for selected applicants includes economics, languages, law and secretarial subjects. (Electric and manual typewriters). Normal Diploma course, with languages, for "O" level girls. Supervised hostels. Employment dept. September entry only. 1964/65 prospectus from Principal.

MARLBOROUGH GATE SECRETARIAL COLLEGE

62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2

First-class training for personal secretarial appointments for well-educated girls. Individual attention. Foreign languages. For prospectus and interview apply Principal, Miss G. T. Wesley. Telephone AMB 3900.

Speedwriting

THE a.b.c. SHORTHAND

Shorthand training to diploma level takes 6 to 8 weeks at a School of Speedwriting.

Also 5-month secretarial and personal tutorial Home Study courses available.

Schools in London and Bristol, for information write or phone the Registrar.

LONDON SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING

Room 97, Avon House, 356-366 Oxford Street, London, W.1. HYD 3401

EDUCATIONAL

BEAUTY CLINIC TRAINING CENTRE.

Mrs. Ray Cochrane has vacancies for specially selected students to be trained in all branches of Beauty Culture. Details from the Beauty Clinic, 118 Baker Street, London, W.1.

SCHLOSS GRUNDSEE

Finishing School for girls near Salzburg, Austria. Beautiful lakeside location; winter sports, sailing, etc. International student body, details from Schloss Grundsee (English Office), Queens Road, East Grinstead, Sussex.

CORSETTIERS

RIGBY & PELLER

12 South Molton Street, W.1.

MAYfair 6708

By appointment to H.M. The Queen

Corsettiere

Made - to - measure corsets, brassieres, maternity foundations. Exclusive French beachwear, sizes 32/52 altered to fit perfectly.

MATERNITY WEAR

JUST JANE: Maternity clothes that are very chic and different—from eight countries. Brochure. 93 Baker Street, W.1. WEL 6748.

SEE the fabulous summer collection of maternity wear at Motherhood. Write for catalogue (Dept. T.5) 22 Baker Street, London, W.1.

HAIRDRESSERS

XAVIER GIRALT OF GLASGOW, renowned for distinctive Coiffures. Masterly cutting, Styling with a flair, artistic Colour Rinsing and Permanent Waving to suit and enhance each individual personality. Giralt Ltd., 7 Woodside Crescent, Glasgow, C.3. DOUGlas 4904 & 0045.

REAL HAIR WIGS and added pieces made to individual requirements. We have facilities for re-dressing and cleaning all types of hair work. JOHN HENRY, 9 Melcombe Street, N.W.1. HUN 2029/2020.

BEAUTY

COSMETIC PLASTIC SURGERY. Faces, Figures, and Feelings, the book that is the how, why and what on cosmetic surgery by Leslie E. Gardiner, surgeon, 33 Wimpole Street, London, W.1. Obtainable from publishers, Robert Hale Ltd., 85 Old Brompton Road, London S.W.7, at 19/6. Post free.

"DERAPAT". The only way to healthy hair. It strengthens the weak and thinning. Fall-out reduced. Send 30/- Post Free from "Derapat", 91 Kirkgate, Bradford, Yorkshire.

NAIL INFECTION. Discoloured, infected, destroyed nails and inflamed cuticles. THE HAND & NAIL INSTITUTE (est. 30 years) specialises in effective personal or postal treatment. Send stamped addressed envelope, 35 Old Bond Street. Tel. HYDe Park 7561.

NAIL-BITING. End this beauty evil and anti-social habit. New technique. Recommended by Beauty Editors. Booklet 6d. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. E.R.), CANTERBURY. (The original Nail Culture Specialists. Established 40 years).

"Creations to Dream About"

BEAUTY WITHOUT HARM TO ANIMALS

MARIA BURNE-JONES

Renowned Beauty Expert and Research Dermatologist offers her New Age NATURAL

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS AND RESEARCH SPECIALISATION FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

Skin-Care Foods from Nature's Garden will bring undreamed-of loveliness.

Also Herbal Medicines from Dr. Maria's Indian Gardens.

A personal postal service to your home—direct from the makers.

Highly recommended by Lady Dowding and her wonderful Committee for Beauty Without Cruelty to Animals.

Beauty Brochure from Sallai Distributors in U.K.

BURNE-JONES & PILLAI LTD.

PAGES DOWNS, BARHAM, CANTERBURY, KENT.

Also Sportacus Exclusive Toilet Specialisations for MEN.

KYNOCH CLOTHS

KEITH SCOTLAND

HAND LAUNDRIES

SAME DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE by London's finest hand laundry. Ladies' and gentlemen's fineries collected, beautifully hand-laundried, delivered to you the same day, of course without laundry marks. Also One-day, Two-day and Postal Service. For this superb luxury service, telephone EXPRESS HAND LAUNDRY LTD., at 168 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FRObisher 2345.

YOUR PERSONAL WORK and household linen beautifully handlaundried by The White Elephant Laundry of Old Town, S.W.4. Call MACaulay 1202 for details.

INVISIBLE MENDING

INVISIBLE MENDING. Burns, tears, moth damage. Also knitwear and all repairs. QUICKSTITCH LTD., (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL MOSAIC COFFEE TABLE in latest contemporary design. Must be seen to be really appreciated. 11 gns., store price 17 gns. Size 48 x 18. Money back guarantee if not truly satisfied. P.P. paid. Send remittance to Raymond de Brett, Artistic Furniture Manufacturers, Suite 8, Radnor House, 93/97 Regent Street, W.1.

THE PROBLEM OF AGEING SKIN

Beautiful women the world over have for years relied upon an exclusive means of keeping at bay the tell-tale marks of advancing years—W-5 tablets. These are now available to all. W-5 tablets, by means of their unique ingredients, can restore to the deep skin tissues the youthful power of self-renewal and purification resulting in a deep and lasting revival of skin texture, colour and line. Absolutely safe, containing no hormones and effective at any age over 30. Write now for a free copy of a fascinating booklet, "Regeneration of the Skin".

FREE 20-page booklet, MILESDEEN LTD. (Dept. TT3), 28 Gough St. London, W.1.

QUALITY & QUANTITY

Ruffino Chianti

Flasks hold nearly a third more than ordinary standard wine bottles

LARGE FLASKS 17/-

SMALL FLASKS 9/3

Bottled exclusively in Italy

Ruffino

B. WOOD & SON (Wine Shippers) LTD., Market Buildings, 76-78 Mark Lane, London, E.C.3

YOU GET MORE OUT OF A FLASK OF RUFFINO CHIANTI

WEDDINGS

1 Hill—Morris: The Hon. Elizabeth Hill, daughter of Lord & Lady Hill of Luton, of Winch Hill House, Wandon End, near Luton, Beds, was married to David, son of Mr. Maxwell Morris, of Cleveland Row, S.W.1, and Mrs. F. E. Morris, of Seaview Terrace, Hayling Island, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy

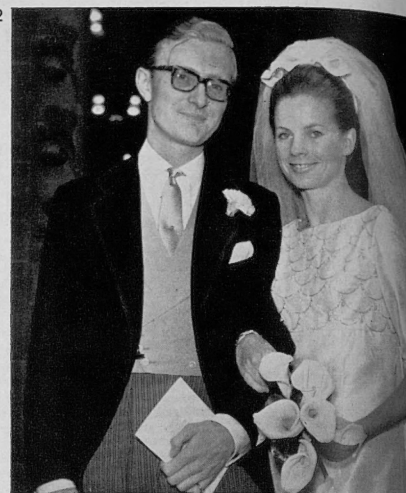
2 Brown—Anslow-Wilson: Janet, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Charles T. Brown, of Princes Gardens, Cliftonville, Kent, was married to David Stuart Anthony, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. Anslow-Wilson, of Oakwood Court, W.14, at St. Mary Abbots.

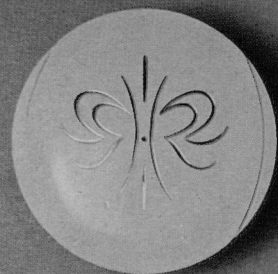
3 Moore—Dixon: Marion Victoria Catherine, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. D. Moore, of Hightown Close, Ringwood, Hampshire, was married to John Barry, son of Commander & Mrs. G. P. Dixon, of Gortmerron, Burley, Hants, at Ringwood Church

4 Maude—Winchester: Francesca Anne, daughter of Colonel & Mrs. A. E. Maude, of Bath Road, Camberley, Surrey, was married to Colin Bernard, son of Major & Mrs. B. N. Winchester, of Farm Close, Long Handborough, Oxon, at the Royal Marines Memorial Chapel

5 Gradidge—Kirk: Penelope Anne, daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. J. H. Gradidge, of Cocks House, Ashton Keynes, Wilts, was married to Major John Oliver Kirk, son of Captain C. P. and Lady Mary Kirk, of Chippenham Park, Ely, Cambridgeshire, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street

6 Glencairn-Campbell—Bourdillon: Catriona Charmian Cecil, daughter of the late Brigadier Walter Glencairn-Campbell, and the late Lady Muir-Mackenzie, and stepdaughter of Sir Robert & Lady Muir-Mackenzie, of Kingsdene, Hampstead Lane, N.W.3, was married to Peter John, son of Mr. J. F. Bourdillon, of Gloucester, and Mrs. Pamela Bourdillon, of Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, at St. Peter's, Vere Street

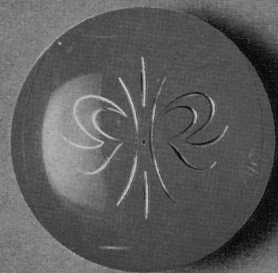




FOR NORMAL SKIN



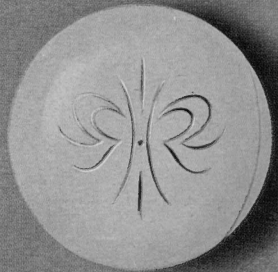
IN PEARL MIST CASE



SPECIAL FOR DRY SKIN



IN CORAL PINK CASE



FOR PROBLEM SKIN



IN SOFT POWDER BLUE CASE

IN SENSATIONAL SLIMLINE REFILL CASE 6/6. IN LUXURY COMPACT 10/6.

Hot up the pace...down comes the beat. Don't go away...stay on your feet. Don't fix your face, your face is fine...Silk cares for your beauty all the time. Silk Minute Make-up for clear, fine skin...Silk Minute Make-up before you begin. Silk glows, Silk clings, Silk beautifies...wear Silk Minute Make-up—and watch his eyes...

Helena Rubinstein Silk* Minute Make-up

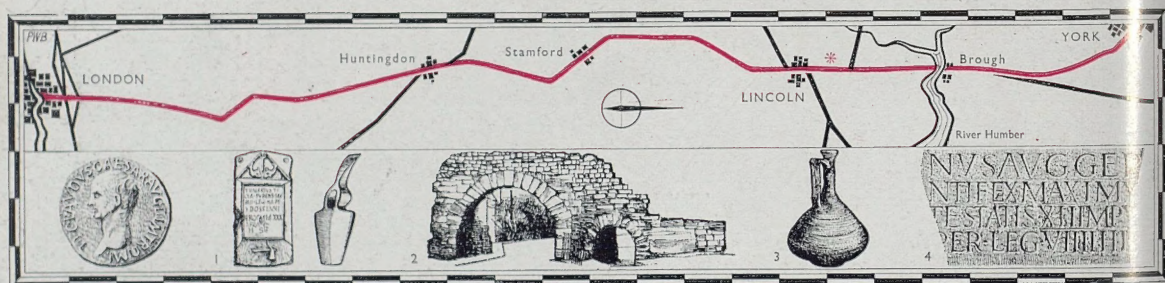
*Silk cares so much for beauty!

Explore the roads of Britain with Shell



Painted by David Genteman

ERMINE STREET



This long, straight section of the modern A 15, between Lincoln and the Humber, is carried directly on the back of the ancient Ermine Street, which was probably one of the first important roads made by the Roman engineers after Britain was conquered.

Ermine Street begins—or began—at the London end at Bishopsgate, and, via Shoreditch High Street and Kingsland Road, was driven north to give the quickest access to Lincoln, then to York. By A.D. 48, Lincoln was the fortress and headquarters of the 5,000 or 6,000 men of the Ninth Legion [soldier's tomb with pioneer's mattock (1)], who probably built the road from London. Then the Legion was moved north to a new fortress at York (established A.D. 71 to 74), which became the northern military capital of Britain [fragment of building inscription, recording building of the stone

gateway by the Legion (4); pot from Roman burial (3)]. Roman roads were laid on a raised platform, an 'agger,' piled up mainly from the ditch which was left on either side. On this famous stretch of Roman road beyond Lincoln, the agger is still more or less intact after some nineteen hundred years, several feet high, and between forty and fifty feet wide. Even now Ermine Street leaves Lincoln (which, as a town, after its fortress days, was settled by the old soldiers of the Ninth Legion) by the Newport Arch (2), remnant of a gateway the Romans actually built. The road goes straight for the Humber (the modern road turns off for Brigg and Hull), which the legionaries crossed by a ferry at the bend above Reads Island. London and the Thames were 160 miles behind them, and they still had another 29 miles of footslogging up to York.

The complete series of the Shell guides to the Roads of Britain has been published in book form by Ebury Press, and is available from any bookseller at 10/6 net.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The key to the Countryside